

The Sketch

No. 880.—Vol. LXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



THE KING GOES SHOOTING: HIS MAJESTY AND HIS SHOOTING "SUITE" AT SANDRINGHAM.

We are able to give on this page and on two following pages some remarkable photographs of the King shooting at Sandringham, showing in perfect fashion the methods adopted by his Majesty. In the photograph are seen with the King (reading from left to right) a keeper with a retriever; the King's agent, who takes instructions from his Majesty and passes them to those concerned; a boy carrying cartridges; and a loader.

Photograph by W. J. Edwards, published by gracious permission of the King.

THE KING GOES SHOOTING: ROYAL SPORT AT SANDRINGHAM.



1. IN THEIR SPECIAL DRESS: THE ROYAL BEATERS SETTING OUT AFTER LUNCHEON.

2. ON THEIR WAY TO A NEW COVERT: THE ROYAL PARTY CROSSING A MANGEL-FIELD—THE KING ON HIS PONY.

3. ON THE WAY TO LUNCHEON: THE KING AND LADIES OF THE PARTY ON THEIR WAY TO THE ROYAL TENT.

4. LADIES ON THEIR WAY TO WATCH THE SHOOTING: THE KING AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL PARTY.

The King is not only an excellent shot, but, as might be expected, a most sporting shot. He does not care to take easy birds; indeed, the more difficult the shot the better he is pleased—[Photographs by W. G. Edwards.]

THE KING GOES SHOOTING: ROYAL SPORT AT SANDRINGHAM.



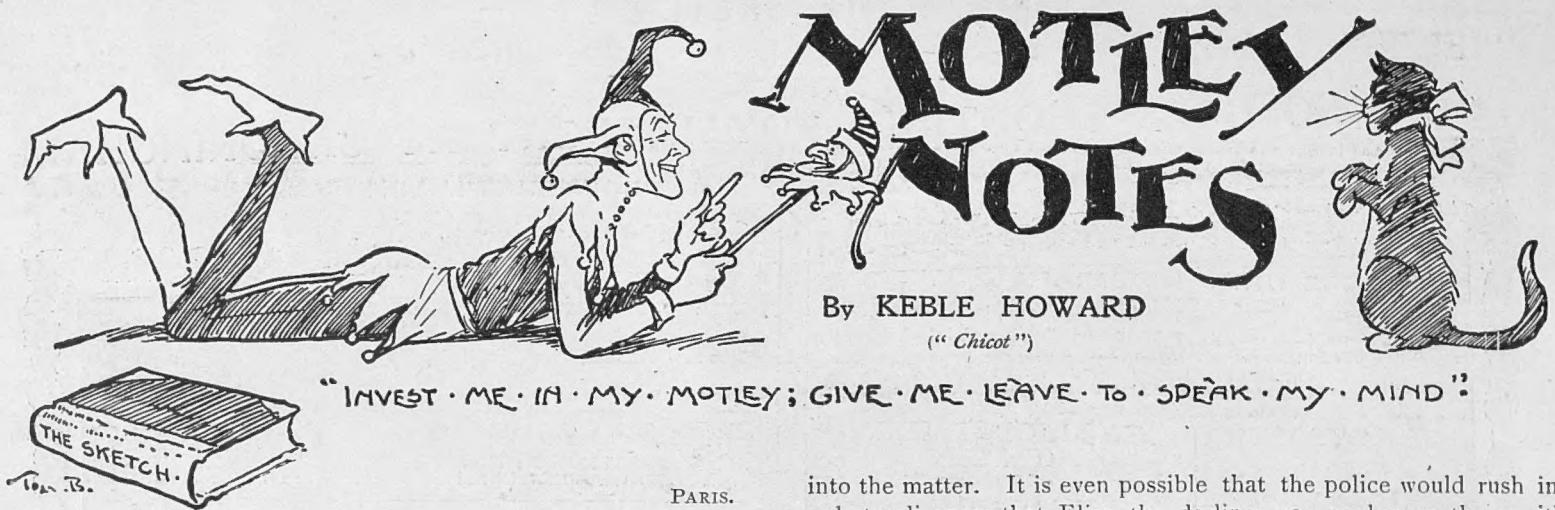
THE LADIES JOIN THE "GUNS" FOR LUNCHEON: THE QUEEN ARRIVING IN TIME TO WITNESS THE FINAL DRIVE
OF THE MORNING.



EIGHT GUNS' BAG FOR TWO DRIVES: THE KING INSPECTING THE BAG OUTSIDE THE LUNCHEON-TENT,
ON WHICH THE ROYAL STANDARD IS FLOWN.

On the occasion of a royal shoot at Sandringham, the "guns," the ladies who join them, and the other guests take luncheon with the King and Queen in a specially erected tent, from which the Royal Standard is flown. The keepers, beaters, and others lunch in the immediate neighbourhood. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the beaters take their beer from an open barrel, dipping horn mugs in the beverage.

Photographs by W. F. Edwards.



Exit (finally)
Eliza.

PARIS.

There is great news, gallant news, this day for the housewives of England! Eliza may go! You need kow-tow to her no longer, dear lady!

No longer need you humour her lightest whim, load her with your choicest apparel, press your most valuable jewellery upon her! At last, at last the servant problem has been solved! With my own eyes I have seen the solution; with my own eyes I have seen a house perfectly managed, from cellar to attic, without the aid of Eliza or any of her hated relations! What I have to tell you to-day is true! Bear up! Don't give way! The end of your agonies, so patiently borne, so silently endured, is at hand! For generation after generation you have fought the good fight! For generation after generation you have followed Eliza upstairs and down again without a murmur! It was obvious that your sufferings, sooner or later, must be finished. Human nature could stand no more. Demand creates a supply; if not then, well, now. You must come to Paris and see for yourself the wonders which, in the meantime, I will try to describe for you. "La Maison Électrique" they call it, or "The House Without Servants." Does not the sub-title thrill you through and through? Flaunt it in the face of Eliza and gloat over her shudders. I would if I were you. Exact the last possible right of the victor.

The Works of
Eliza's Rival.

You will find "La Maison Électrique" on your left as you ascend the Boulevard Poissonnière. The name always attracted me as I went by. I asked my friends about it; they did not know. Mere males, curiosity had hitherto never led them to investigate "The House Without Servants." I determined to see the thing for myself. Two francs is the price of admission—a paltry two francs for the greatest sorrow-saving show on earth. There were a few other adventurers waiting in the little vestibule. We were silent, as beffited those about to be ushered into the presence of magic. Presently a curtain was swept aside, and we were invited to view, in the first place, the electrical appliances by the aid of which the servant-problem has been solved. Wheels whizzed for us, blue flames crackled for us, glass tubes were filled with mysterious bluenesses. We stood very close together, the timid dozen of us. Had Eliza popped her head round the curtain at that moment, I verily believe that we should have flung our twenty-four arms around her somewhat grimy neck and begged her pardon. Up to this point, you see, we were unconvinced. We did not know. We could not tell. All the world of wonders lay before us. In very rapid French, a gentleman with long black hair mystified us further. At any rate, he mystified the other eleven. For myself, I gave up listening.

Miracles in the
Kitchen.

We were bidden to descend to the kitchen. I went last, taking uncommonly good notice of the way back. Here we were received by Professor Number Two. A bearded Professor this one, and very grave, with protruding eyeballs. He directed our attention to the oven, and pressed a button. Instantly, the oven was ablaze with lights on either side of it. The Professor invited us to try the heat of the oven with the human hand. We declined. Sufficient for us that it had been heated without the aid of fire-lighters or bellows. Opposite the oven stood the laundry. The Professor flung cloths at it. In a trice, the invisible Eliza snatched at them, washed them, wrung them out, and hung them up to dry. We gasped. It was real, though. The miracle had been accomplished before our eyes. We were not bewitched. And so through all the businesses conducted below-stairs, of which Eliza makes such a grievance, and out of which she feathers her sumptuous nest. A noisy kitchen, perhaps. A nervous master would certainly send down to inquire

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"

into the matter. It is even possible that the police would rush in, only to discover that Eliza, the darling, was no longer there with petulance and *pâtisserie*. Never mind. A little noise in the kitchen is better than a wife with a broken heart all over the house.

Put to Bed by
Electricity.

hour for retiring to rest. He pressed a button, and the curtains, very softly, drew together. The bed-clothes rolled back, paused a few moments, and returned to their place. The great light in the centre of the ceiling went out, its place being taken by a reading-lamp at the back of the bed. The reading-lamp, in turn, gave way to a tiny light at the side of the bed. Slumber. Entry of burglars into a room elsewhere. Up went the lights, and a little lamp on a switch at the bedside indicated the room at present in possession of the burglar. The window shot up and an alarm was given. All, of course, automatically. The incident closed. The night passed in peace. Day dawned. Back glided the curtains. A little trap-door in the floor opened to admit a tray bearing hot coffee, hot milk, rolls, and the morning's budget of letters. I moved forward, instinctively, to open the letters, but the Professor barred the way. I was told, very politely, that there was nothing for me. For the rest, the Electric Bedroom was perfection. Of course, the company do not guarantee a burglar-alarm every night, or letters of a comforting kind every morning. You could hardly expect it, even of Eliza's rival.

No Maid to Scold,
Madam.

After the bedroom, *la chambre de toilette*. A magnificent wardrobe faced us. The doors sprang open and behold! the wardrobe was illuminated inside, from the largest peg to the smallest button. Wonderful costumes were handed forth by Eliza's rival. I hoped very much that the Professor with the protruding eyeballs would put them on, but I was disappointed. From the wardrobe to the dressing-table. Mirrors flashed at various angles, brushes were plied with amazing deftness, curling-tongs were heated, the lip-salve was applied, the powder-puff agitated. I stood at the back to hide my blushes, but I stayed to the end. "La Maison Électrique" is scarcely the sort of house to roam over unaccompanied.

Your Mechanical
Dinner.

Last of all, and best of all, the *salle-à-manger*. The table is laid for dinner. The Professor with the protruding eyeballs seats himself at the head of it. The young Professor with black locks sits at the foot. We are bidden to fill the other places. A mysterious voice asks whether it is the pleasure of Monsieur that the dinner shall be served. It is the pleasure of Monsieur. A portion of the table in front of him disappears, and through the opening there comes a tureen. To my dismay, it is empty. It travels round the table on miniature railway-lines, pausing in front of each of us. Somebody wants more, and the tureen, very gravely, returns to her. Finally, it disappears through the hole in the table, and the space is filled. Monsieur waves his hand, and the air is filled with sweet music. That is to say, a mechanical piano in the corner of the room plays, loudly, "The Merry Widow" waltz. To these delightful strains, we partake of the fish, the entrée, the joint, the game, the sweets, the savoury, and the dessert. No servant mars the scene or makes it. All is noiseless, swift, well-ordered. We could have discussed the most intimate family matters without let or hindrance. If one of us had exceeded the limit of sobriety, the news would not have travelled round the town—at any rate, by way of Eliza. . . . And so, at last, out again on the Boulevard Poissonnière.

"ENTER JACK—HE IS DRESSED IN THE DEEPEST MOURNING."



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December 8, 1909.

Signature



Still on the Type
Tack.

love to the Rich Woman, when you find her. And, b'Jove and b'George, mark you, she is not like the leaves in Vallombrosa. Oh, but no. The Rich Woman—and I'm a little shaken after that apt, stereotyped quotation, a little dazzled at my own erudition—is as scarce in this world as the Spade Guinea. Unless, of course, she is rich with an accent, and a rich accent at that. Unless she is the daughter of a Silas P. Thing, of Oshkosh, U.S.A., born and brought up at 1001, 1001 Street, in one of the thousand and one weird and elaborate cities in that peculiar country which Columbus must have regretted to have discovered. And there she is as common as the blackberry upon the hedge. But I am endeavouring to keep to pleasant topics, to the English-made article, for I am a Tariff Reformer, a Protectionist. You may know your Rich Woman when she is English from the fact that she carries a purse in whose sovereign-compartment there are sure to be several farthings, a bus-ticket, a key or two, and—if I may say so—a powder-puff. Not, mark you, that I wish to imply that the Rich Woman is necessarily a mean one. Oh, but no. The word I'm amin' at is careful. She goes to ready-money places for her things. She tubes where the woman without a bob takes a taxi. She looks after the pennies and jots down her petty expenditure in a diary. She gives carefully to the poor only after they have cut firewood or shovelled the snow from her doorway. You may also recognise the rich woman from her hat, which never came from Paris or even from Calais, and was quite unacquainted with Dover. If she wears fur, it will be rabbit. And if she be a golfer, she will play with Arrows and will paint them over herself. The Rich Woman, to put it pat, likes to be treated and to pose as a poor woman. This is no fault of hers, believe me. It is the outcome of experience. For the Rich Woman, from the moment that she is rich, is a magnet.

Real ladies and gentlemen, parsons and deserving Indian majors, undergraduates who have taken the Newdigate and nothing else, and all those thousand-and-one destitute people who always find sufficient money to advertise their wants, turn her into metaphorical fly-paper, and stick. She is bullied into subscribing—if she lives in the country—to football clubs in the cricket season, and to cricket clubs in the football season, and to soup-kitchens in the winter, which comes just at the time when field-hands have finished blueing their summer money. Her pocket is the only thing about her which is of interest. She is made careful, not born so.

And now for the seventh type. And now for a few hot words on how to make gant because they are too poor. I know that is frightfully bright, frightfully glinty, golden matter, genuine hot coin; but if you look at it twice and then think, you will see my point, and either like the way I put it—or not. It all depends on whether you are with me or against me. Oh, I know very well, bless you, that the Withs and the Againsts are pretty evenly divided. I've seen myself bein' read in the train by both. Either the expression is one of pure, undiluted joy, or it is nostal gic. However, I ain't talkin' about dear old Bee at the moment. I am dealin' just now with the Rich Woman.

The Marriage
Question.

Now there are two ways of makin' love to the Rich Woman. One is right, so right that it leads to matrimony—I had almost said patrimony—and the other so wrong that it leads instantly to the door. The right way is to treat her from the first as though she were not a rich woman, to pay her tea, even when other men are present; to buy tickets for the theatre for her, however broke you may be; and, in fact, to let her think that you never heard of the fact that she is worth a bob. She likes it, for it comes as a change. But don't overdo it, d'y'see. Don't be too layish. Don't chuck it about. If you do she will think you're reckless. She'll begin to wonder where her money will go to if she marries you. Well, of course, you know where it'll go to if she marries you, all right, but she's got to marry you first. There is, however, always one thing on your side in dealing with the Rich Woman. She always makes a bloomer. She invariably marries badly. She never marries money. If you start knowin' this, you know pretty well where you are. Then you may enter pretty cheerfully for the race and back yourself to win. Beyond forkin' out for small things, hold your hand. Never buy her flowers or little bits of fancy jewellery. Simply say when passin' a florist's or jeweller's, "Ah, b'Jove, I'd buy you that if I could afford it." By this simple and artful device you'll achieve two things. You'll win a reputation for generosity and approbation for an economical disposition. I'm now tellin' you, of course, only how to make love to a Rich Woman in case she comes your way. I Don't jump at the conclusion that I am advisin' you to marry her. I'm not. Oh, believe me I'm not. I know two or three dear little fellers who made marriage an investment. It is true that they do no work for a livin', but how true it is that they work harder for their livin' than the worker! All the same, bein' in love with the Rich Woman is a fine trainin'. It teaches one diplomacy, fortitude, bravery, and self-effacement. And after all that's something. What?



AN OLD SERVANT OF MME. STEINHEIL ADOPTS A NEW PROFESSION: MME. MARIETTE WOLFF AS A BILL-POSTER.

Mme. Mariette Wolff was one of the witnesses in the great Steinheil case, and it was she who said, "Quand on est domestique, on doit tout voir et rien dire." Madame has now turned bill-poster.—[Photograph by Rol.]

For it is easier for a Rich Woman to be poor than for a poor one to be poor. After all, d'y'see, poor people can afford to be extravagant in a poor sort of way. But rich people cannot afford to be extrav-



AFTER THE GREAT TRIAL: MME. STEINHEIL, WHO IS NOW IN ENGLAND.

This photograph of Mme. Steinheil, whose trial on a charge of murder divided France into two camps, was taken immediately after her acquittal, in the house to which she was smuggled that she might elude the vigilance of sensation-mongers.

Mme. Steinheil is now in this country.

Photograph by Branger.



Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo has a new lease of life. The Prince has renewed the concession to M. Blanc and his company, and, as is his custom, has made

the building of some important public works part of the payment which the Casino and the hotels make to the ruler of the little principality. During the time that I have known Monte Carlo I have seen some splendid public buildings grow up in Monaco, all paid for out of that very slight margin the bank allows itself against the players at rouge-et-noir and roulette. There is one particular window in the big new Cathedral at Monaco which I always consider to have been presented by me, because I calculate that the cost of its erection fairly represents the sum I have lost to the bank. The new Museum for the Wonders of Deep-Sea Fishery, a magnificent building which stands amongst the flowers of the Monaco gardens and looks down on to the waves beating against the rocks, is another present made by the gamblers of Europe, through the medium of M. Blanc, to the reigning Prince. The hospital, and the breakwaters which have been so long a-making, but which now shelter the Prince's yacht and those of American millionaires against that troublesome wind which used to blow into the harbour, also represent that very useful figure 0.

New Works. A new establishment of baths and a second theatre, to be built somewhere on the Condamine,

are some of the new buildings which are to be erected by the company for the benefit of the people of Monaco. As the company which owns the Casino and the Hôtel de Paris and the Club very modestly terms itself the Compagnie d'Établissement des Bains, the least it can do is to see that Monte Carlo has baths worthy of its position as one of the richest towns on the Mediterranean. The present bathing establishment is on the Condamine, and is of such an unobtrusive character that I cannot remember ever to have met a visitor to Monte Carlo who had been through a cure there, or had even taken a bath there. The building of a sumptuous bath establishment at Monte Carlo has been talked of for some years past. Some day the public opinion of Europe may become too strong for the Prince of Monaco, and he may have to cancel the gaming concession.

If Monte Carlo were left with baccarat at its clubs and *petits chevaux* as the only gaming excitements, it would have to look elsewhere than to its Casino for the attractions to bring strangers to its gates from all over the world. Pigeon-shooting alone would not do this, and a great Établissement des Bains, with all the douches and the mud-baths and the treatment of aches, as at Wiesbaden and Karlsbad and Marienbad, might make some amends for the loss of the little wheel and the two rows of cards laid so neatly on the table.

Monte Carlo's Rivals.

Monte Carlo has seen many rivals spring up to pit their Casinos and Clubs Privés against her monster establishment, and there is now no town of importance on the Riviera which has not a fine Casino with baccarat-rooms, where the play is high enough to attract those people who like to risk a few bank-notes on the green

cloth after dinner. The great room of the Club of the Municipal Casino at Nice is the finest and most tastefully decorated gaming-room I know in Europe. Cannes for many

years prided itself on *not* possessing a Casino, for the little music-hall down a side street which called itself the Casino had no aristocratic patrons. What gaming was done took place at the great club on the Croisette, where there was, and is always, a baccarat-table in play before and after dinner. Nowadays, all that very exclusive coterie who live in the villas amidst the gardens of Cannes come down after dinner to enjoy the light and the bustle and the excitement of the Casino. The golf club was Cannes' first step towards sociability. The Casino has destroyed the last vestiges of her ultra-exclusiveness. Now Mentone has joined the circle of the Mediterranean towns having Casinos, and the project of a really handsome meeting-place for the visitors to the town on the Italian border has become an accomplished fact.

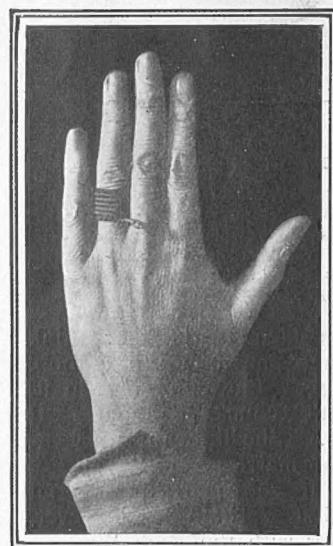
The New Theatre. Tickets can be bought just as they are at any French municipal theatre, and where first come first served will be the rule, will not only be a boon to the worthy inhabitants of the Condamine quarter, who have now to be content with opera in a booth and cinematograph shows, but will also be patronised by Carlo who, not being on one of the

many lists the names on which have priority in the distribution of seats for the theatre, will be very glad to be able to send down for seats to the second theatre on the mornings of performances, and be fairly sure of obtaining them. The directors of the Opera House in the Casino building are not so much to blame for the muddle in the distribution of seats as the ordinary visitor to Monte Carlo supposes them to be. When a new work is produced in this theatre critics come from all parts of the world to hear it, and so do managers, and by the time that seats have been found for the people on the lists of the Prince and Princess, and for the critics and representatives of managers and friends of the managers and principal singers, there are very few left to offer to the general public. The little glass-domed building just across the square from the Casino is used as a concert-room, and occasionally its stage is given over to operettas and little comedies, but it hardly ranks as a theatre. Monte Carlo wants even more than it does its establishment

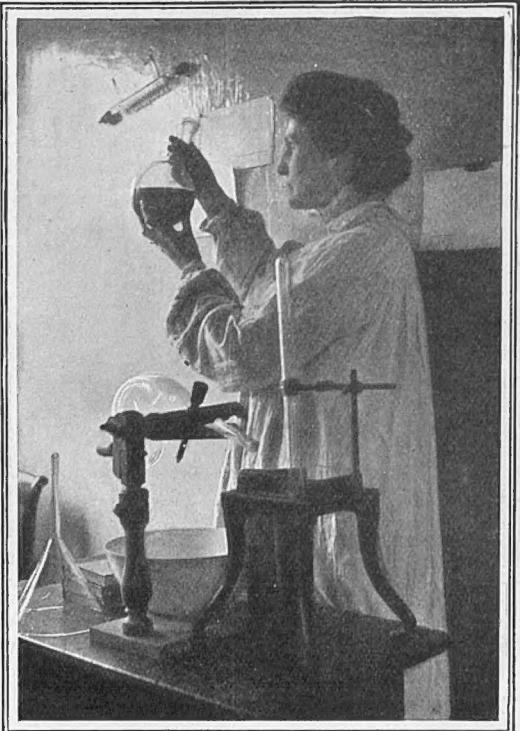


ALCHEMY ON THE HOUSE-TOP: MISS CRAIG, THE LADY WHO HOPES TO BE ABLE TO TURN BASE METALS INTO GOLD, AND STATES THAT SHE CAN TRANSFORM BAD PEOPLE INTO GOOD.

Miss Craig has her laboratory on the house-top, and is running a school of alchemy. It is her claim that before very long she will be able to turn base metals into gold, and she states that already she can transform bad people into good people.

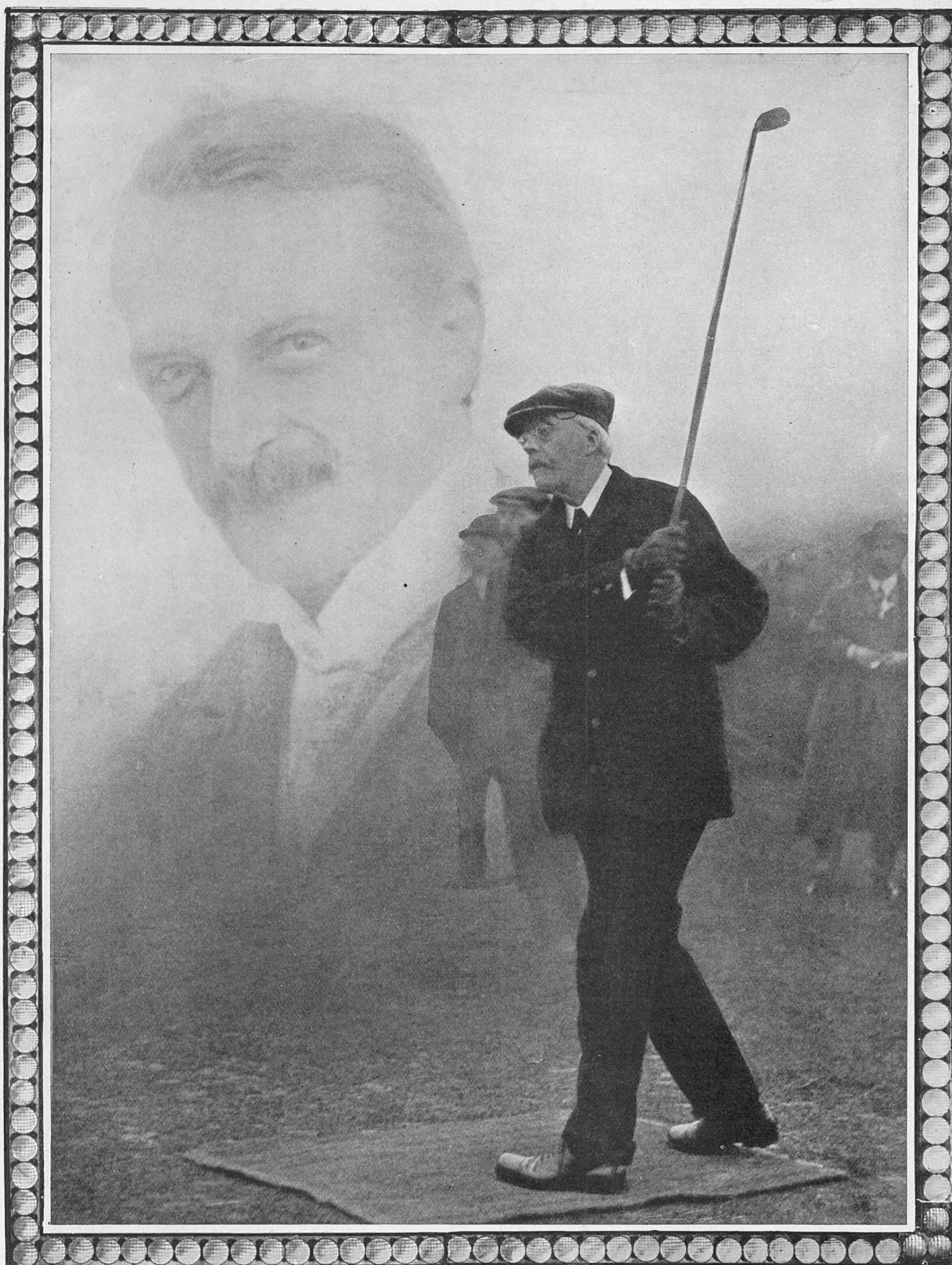


ADORNED WITH A RING WHICH "PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE TRANSMUTATION OF METAL": ONE OF MISS CRAIG'S HANDS.



THE WOMAN ALCHEMIST OF PARIS: MISS CRAIG AT WORK IN HER LABORATORY.

MR. BALFOUR'S BOGEY: DUTY (AND PLEASURE) ON THE TEE.



SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE: MR. BALFOUR GOLFING (WITH "MR. LLOYD-GEORGE" IN WAITING).

Candidly, we do not altogether believe that Mr. Balfour is much haunted when on the links by thoughts of politics and politicians. Were he, it is more than possible that, at the moment at all events, Mr. Lloyd-George would be his bogey.

Arrangement by "The Sketch"; photograph of Mr. Lloyd-George by E. H. Mills; photograph of Mr. Balfour by the Illustrations Bureau.



CAPTAIN G. CULME-SEYMORE, OF THE 60TH RIFLES, WHO MARRIED MISS JANET ORR-EWING YESTERDAY (THE 7TH).

Photograph by Lafayette.

near Genoa. "Stop, you are cruel!" she cried to him. "But you are lovely," he replied, with a bright smile. "You are brutal," she continued. "But you are beautiful," he returned. "You are a ruffian," she declared. "But you are beautiful," he threw back at her with imperturbable ardour. And so the singular duet continued to the top of the hill.

The Giant-Killer. The giant of the week is, without a doubt, Mr. Jemmett. He has long been famous in Chelsea and at all fancy-dress dances such as art students give, but he came into wider publicity at the Royal Opera House, for he is the executioner of Lady Jane Grey, impersonated by Mrs. Winston Churchill. Baby Diana would surely have screamed had she seen her mother bare her neck in the presence of Mr. Jemmett and his axe. He stands six foot eight inches high in his socks, and, as a rule, is not in his socks. If, as is probable, he decides finally on architecture for his profession, he is likely, perhaps, to betray a partiality for sky-scrapers.



ENGAGED TO MR. HORACE KEMBLE: MISS NINA ABERCROMBY, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS OF NORTHBROOK.

Mr. Horace Kemble, of the Scots Guards, is the only son of Major Horace W. Kemble, of Knock Broadford, Isle of Skye.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

SMALL TALK

THE Englishwomen who have the approval of the Queen of Italy for the formation of Italian societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals do not always realise the difficulties of their campaign. That the Italian peasant is a slippery subject is exemplified in the story just told by Lady Butler. The mother of the illustrious painter had been driven desperate by the way in which a muleteer was using his whip on a steep hill

considering that he gained so many friends there, it is not strange that he also gained a bride.

Pigeons for Falcons. Lord Falconer has lately found his way to Wormwood

Scrubs — for pigeon-shooting at the Gun Club there. Perhaps even more exciting than a flutter of feathers to the most eager of guns was the arrival of Mme. Steinheil in her furs at the Savoy the other night, when Lord



MRS. G. CULME-SEYMORE (FORMERLY MISS JANET ORR-EWING), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (THE 7TH).

Photograph by Gaben.

Falconer happened to be among the diners in the hotel. Powder and shot are not new to Lord Falconer who is heir to the Earldom of Kintore, was a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards and in the 3rd Cameron Highlanders, and served in South Africa. Hereditary sport in his veins his name indicates, and a pretty name it is, too. Ill-luck has befallen many modern diversions in the mere matter of nomenclature. Who would care to be called Lord Pigeoner?

Mr. Balfour's accident to Obsturacy. Mr. Archibald Gordon was heard with particular distress by Sir John and Lady Dickson-Poynder, of whose house-party at Hartsham Park he had been a member. The guests had scattered after a snatched week-end, but found themselves reassembled at the Court Theatre, to watch St. Ursula and her virgins, and to realise that in the few hours intervening one of their number had come to disaster.

The Hartham party had included, besides Lady Marjorie Manners and Lady Moyra Cavendish, a whole bevy of



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY: MISS IRIS FITZGERALD, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE HON. EUSTACE FITZGERALD.

Miss Fitzgerald is a granddaughter of the late Baron Fitzgerald, and of Viscount Barrington. Mr. Digby Lawson, her bridegroom, is the elder son of Sir Arthur Lawson, Bt., of Bedale Hall, Yorkshire. The wedding takes place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, to-day (the 8th). —(Photograph by Val l'Estrange.)

The Felicity of Felix. The engagement of Mr. Felix

Schuster to Miss Lucy Skene marks the final allegiance of a notable German family to England. Hitherto, the Schusters, English in most things, have compromised in the matter of matrimony. Both Sir Felix and his brother Ernest married daughters of Sir Hermann Weber, the distinguished Anglo-German of Grosvenor Street; but Sir Felix's son has come right over, and his future bride is the daughter of the Treasurer of Christ Church, Oxford, and granddaughter of the late Dean Liddell. Mr. Schuster was well known in Oxford for his great talent in music and his taste for letters — a family taste and talent; and,

bachelors, of whom Mr. Balfour may be named as the most obstinate.

Young at Seventy-one. Perhaps because a widower

of seventy-one is not generally supposed to figure on Cupid's lists, Sir Warren Hastings D'Oyly has been able to marry Lady Cotton without any flourish of trumpets or any notice in the Press. Sir Warren has had an interesting and varied career. In the Bengal Civil Service he became, as an Inspector, learned in gaols and opium; and, as a sportsman, in the art of pig-sticking. He has been a fine cricketer; he is still as knowing in water-colour as he ever was; and he is an admitted expert on the cultivation of flax in India.



TO MARRY MR. PAT HAMILTON OSBORNE: MISS RUBY MADDEN, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. SIR JOHN MADDEN, CHIEF JUSTICE OF VICTORIA. Mr. Pat Osborne, of Willeroo, New South Wales, is the second son of the late Mr. P. H. Osborne, of Currandooley.

Photograph by Bel.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.



LILIAN FLORENCE MAUD, MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY, AND MR. JOHN GILLIAT, WHOSE WEDDING IS TO TAKE PLACE ON SATURDAY (THE 11TH).

The beautiful Marchioness of Anglesey will have a very smart, if very quiet, wedding next Saturday (11th). Father Bernard Vaughan will officiate, and the marriage will be celebrated at the Church of the Assumption. Mr. Gilliat will take his bride to Paris, and from thence to Egypt, where they will spend their honeymoon in the most ideal fashion—that is, up the Nile on a dahabieh. Lord Berkeley Paget, who is Lady Anglesey's uncle, will give her away. The many lovely gifts she and Mr. Gilliat have received are being shown this week to their friends in Mrs. Rupert Beckett's house in Upper Wimpole Street. The Marchioness was Miss Chetwynd, daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, 4th Bt.—[Photographs by Lallie Charles.]



COMING OF AGE ON THE 11TH: THE HON. COLWYN PHILIPPS, SON OF LORD ST. DAVIDS.

Mr. Colwyn Erasmus Arnold Philipps, son of the first Baron St. Davids, was educated at Eton and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst; and is a subaltern in the Royal Horse Guards. He is heir to considerable property in Pembrokeshire, for which county his father sat in Parliament from February 1898 to June 1908.

Photograph by Lafayette.

voted as a Baron, his Earldom not being of the United Kingdom. Another lady who attended and experienced a nominal loss of dignity was the Countess of Southesk, who just for a few moments managed to remember that she was admitted as the wife of Lord Balinhard the voter rather than of the unrepresentative Earl of Southesk.

Lady Crewe's Dilemma. The morning after Lord Cawdor gave his speech and his vote for

Lord Lansdowne's amendment, Lady Cawdor and the Ladies Campbell,

her daughters, left for Colombo, and farther. They lingered in London just long enough to hear the name of Lord Cawdor mentioned on every hand as sure of a prominent post in the next Conservative Government; and Lady Cawdor's only lament was that she had so much packing in the trunk line that she could not find time to pack herself into the 'Peeresses' Gallery. She missed an able speech. But Lady Crewe was careful not to miss an abler one, and incidentally

THE LADY JANE GREY OF THE TABLEAUX AT COVENT GARDEN: MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mrs. Winston Churchill was one of the most beautiful of those fashionable maids and matrons who took part in the much-discussed Tableaux Bazaar which was opened by the Duchess of Connaught last week. Mrs. Churchill took the moving and interesting rôle of Lady Jane Grey in a picture-group arranged by

Mrs. G. R. Askwith.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

the bride and the bridegroom being her cousins. The marriage was in Forfarshire in the morning; but Lord Redesdale, the bridegroom's father, kept an appointment in London that evening.

Knights in the Making. "Nature has not stamped all men with those indisputable signs of merit which have made you and me Knights," was Sir William Harcourt's plea when he was pressed to obtain a knighthood for a

DAUGHTER OF THE PERMANENT SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE: MISS MARGARET LLEWELLYN SMITH.

Miss Margaret Llewellyn Smith is daughter of one of those notable Englishmen who, as Mr. Gladstone once happily said, are the real masters of our country, owing to the simple fact that they, the permanent officials, really govern it. Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith is Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

she heard Lord Curzon's comments on the policy of her father, Lord Rosebery. Her partisanship has naturally been closely tried between father and husband during the Budget struggle; but it was not difficult to see which way the balance of her feelings tended during Lord Crewe's admirable speech.

The Watch in Piccadilly. Lord Northampton's gold watch, which, chain and all, mysteriously deserted him in Piccadilly the other day, is valued at ninety pounds. Other of the

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

WHEN it is filled with gowns, and ladies, the Peeresses' Gallery is the most picturesque, as it is also sometimes the most thoughtful, portion of the House of Lords. Many Peeresses who were in at the death of the Budget went under names that they hardly ever use. The Countess of Loudoun brought down the Earl of Loudoun to record his vote as the obscure Lord Botreaux, and the Countess of Ken-

marie tried to feel like a mere Baron's wife while her husband

noble Marquess's possessions are proportionately valuable. Castle Ashby has gardens regardless, furnished in the Elizabethan and Italian modes. Their blue and gilded gates John Evelyn admired, and one ancestor had the opportunity of learning expensive tastes on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The inconsiderate thief of the other day gave Lord Northampton no time to dispute the watch, although his Lordship has shown on

the Liberal side the fighting instincts of his line. "Bravest of Cavaliers"

was the title claimed for the second Earl; and the present holder of the title has done valiant battle in the cause of social reform. Alike in public and private, he is a generous giver.

A Popular Bridesmaid. Since she assisted at the ceremony of her sister's marriage to Mr. Winston Churchill, Miss Nellie Hozier has taken rather a liking to the pastime of brides-maiding—all old proverbs disdaining. She was, of course, in great request last week



SEEN IN DE MUSSET'S "LA NUIT DE MAI": MLLÉ. BEATRICE VON HOLTHOIR.

Mlle. von Holthoir appeared at the Ritz yesterday (the 7th), in De Musset's "La Nuit De Mai," and in Eugene Verconsin's "A La Porte." Appearing with her was M. Capellani, who, it will be remembered, is sculptor as well as actor, and, to ensure realism in one of his works, allowed himself to sink to his armpits in a quicksand.

Photograph by Lafayette.



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Mrs. G. R. Askwith.—[Photograph by Thomson.]



DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR LONDON HOSTESS: MISS HERMIONE ECKSTEIN.

Miss Hermione Eckstein, although she is still in her early teens, has many grown-up privileges, and she will help her charming, popular mother to do the honours of Mr. Eckstein's fine house in Park Lane during the coming spring and season. She

has only one brother, who is at Eton.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN WRITER: MRS. PRICE COLLIER, AND HER DAUGHTERS KATHERINE AND SARA.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

friend's friend. Whether nature has stamped physical signs of nobility upon the gentlemen who have received notice of the impending Investiture, King Edward will be able to judge—in many cases for the first time—on the occasion of that ceremony. With the Investiture ends the uncertainty that has caused Mr. Ernest Shackleton's acquaintances to call him simply "Shackleton," the stage of "Mr." having been left behind, without that of "Sir" having come to the sword-edge.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE POLITE REQUEST: A NOTICE-BOARD
NEAR ST. ALBANS.



FOR THOSE WHO ANSWER THE REQUEST: A NOTICE-BOARD
NEAR ST. ALBANS.

On the Holyhead Road, near St. Albans, the owner of a house abutting on the highway has set up these boards. One side of each board bears the words "Kindly Drive Slowly"; the other side, "Thank You," so that motorists driving in either direction are in a position to see each notice in the proper order. It is interesting to note that most motorists obey the request and earn the thanks.—[Photographs by Twycross.]



STUMPS OF STONE: IN A PETRIFIED FOREST.
The most famous of all petrified forests is that of Arizona.—[Photograph by Frichet.]



THE LAPLANDER'S "COW": MILKING
A REINDEER.

The reindeer is horse, cow, and sheep to the Laplander, furnishing him with means of conveyance, food, and clothing.



TAKING THE "COW" FROM ITS SHED: A REINDEER
ABOUT TO BE MILKED.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monotole)

The New Thriller. It is pleasant to see that Mr. H. B. Irving has produced a new play of modern life, and introduced another dramatist. Mr. Landon, the author, has much to learn. One feels that he began to write "The House Opposite" as a sensational play, and, altering his views during his work, finally aimed at the psychological. Despite some excellent scenes, the play falters between the two methods. At times the sensational predominates. The author's technique is not good enough to enable him to get full stage-effect from the position of the man placed between publicly declaring himself - the --lover--of--a lady of high position and reputation or allowing an innocent woman to go to the gallows if he remains silent. Here is a theme on which something very striking might have been written. Mr. Landon has found it hardly big enough for his canvas, with the result that several scenes are mere padding. He winds up boldly with the ingenious idea of the wife being punished by remaining uncertain whether her husband knows of her infidelity. Here again lack of skill marred the effect. Really, it is a pity that there is not more collaboration on our stage. We see many promising new works that might achieve success if revised by an old hand, and some of the old hands have been resting lately. One fancies that the modern dramatist thinks there is something inartistic in collaboration. Yet many admirable dramas have been written in this fashion: for instance, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," one of the finest of French comedies. Mr. H. B. Irving represented the perplexed hero very skilfully: I wish the author had found him opportunity for a bigger scene. Miss Eva Moore, in the part of the faithless wife, acted with much power and great, almost distressing, sincerity. It was quite a noteworthy performance. I confess that the personality of Miss Moore always makes me doubt whether the naughty ladies she sometimes pictures have really been guilty.

Two Plays by Mr. Richard Pryce. Mr. Richard Pryce is best known to our stage as collaborator with Mr. F. Fenn. At the Playhouse there are now two works by him, single-handed: perhaps it should be added that they are adaptations from stories by Mrs. Mann. "The Visit" is quite an admirable little comedy, painfully humorous, truly pathetic, and, in the end, legitimately joyful. The acting was superb: nothing could be better than the work of Miss Henrietta Watson; Miss Marie Linden, whose reappearance was welcome, played charmingly, and Mr. Daniel McCarthy acted very ably. The long play was hardly a strong play. Miss Lottie Venne had a great personal triumph as the mother-in-law who nearly shipwrecked the married life of young Mr. and Mrs. Eglamore; but we had rather too much of "Little Mrs. Cummin" before the three acts were over. It was very clever of Mr. Pryce to handle so freshly the mother-in-law

humours, but hardly possible to write a whole play on them successfully without the aid of a strong plot; and he has invented very little in the way of plot, but treated the work as a mere series of episodes which end when the mother-in-law takes herself off. There are plenty of amusing scenes, also some dull ones. Miss Marie Löhr was delightful as the bride, and rendered an almost tragic passage in the last act brilliantly. Mr. Kenneth Douglas was very well chosen for the part of the young husband, and acted it excellently. Mr. Charles Sugden and Mr. Lennox Pawle and Miss Esmé Hubbard gave valuable help in smaller parts.

The New Miracle Play. It would be a miracle if a new miracle play came within measurable distance of the old. An able dramatist, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, could hardly give the necessarily *naïf* but not artless note to the legend of St. Ursula. Yet her graceful and sincerely written scenes to illustrate Carpaccio's pictures had no little charm, and the stage pictures themselves were very quaint and sometimes pretty. But why did Mrs. Pat wear that wig? Surely the fifteenth-century painter would have been the first to protest against such a destruction of beauty. Her performance as the Angel was the real feature of the affair. Concerning the fascinating amateurs, it would be indiscreet of me to write.

A Famous Farce. The revival of "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the St. James's brought back to us Mr. Alexander and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, in their original parts of John Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff, both as foolish and as funny as ever, their epigrams, perhaps, a little worn by use and appearing to be rather cheaper than in former days, but the humour of the whole thing as fresh and light-hearted as ever. In the reception which the play received from the audience there

in the play is out of date. There is no denying that "The Importance of Being Earnest" is a classic among farces.

The Russian
Players.

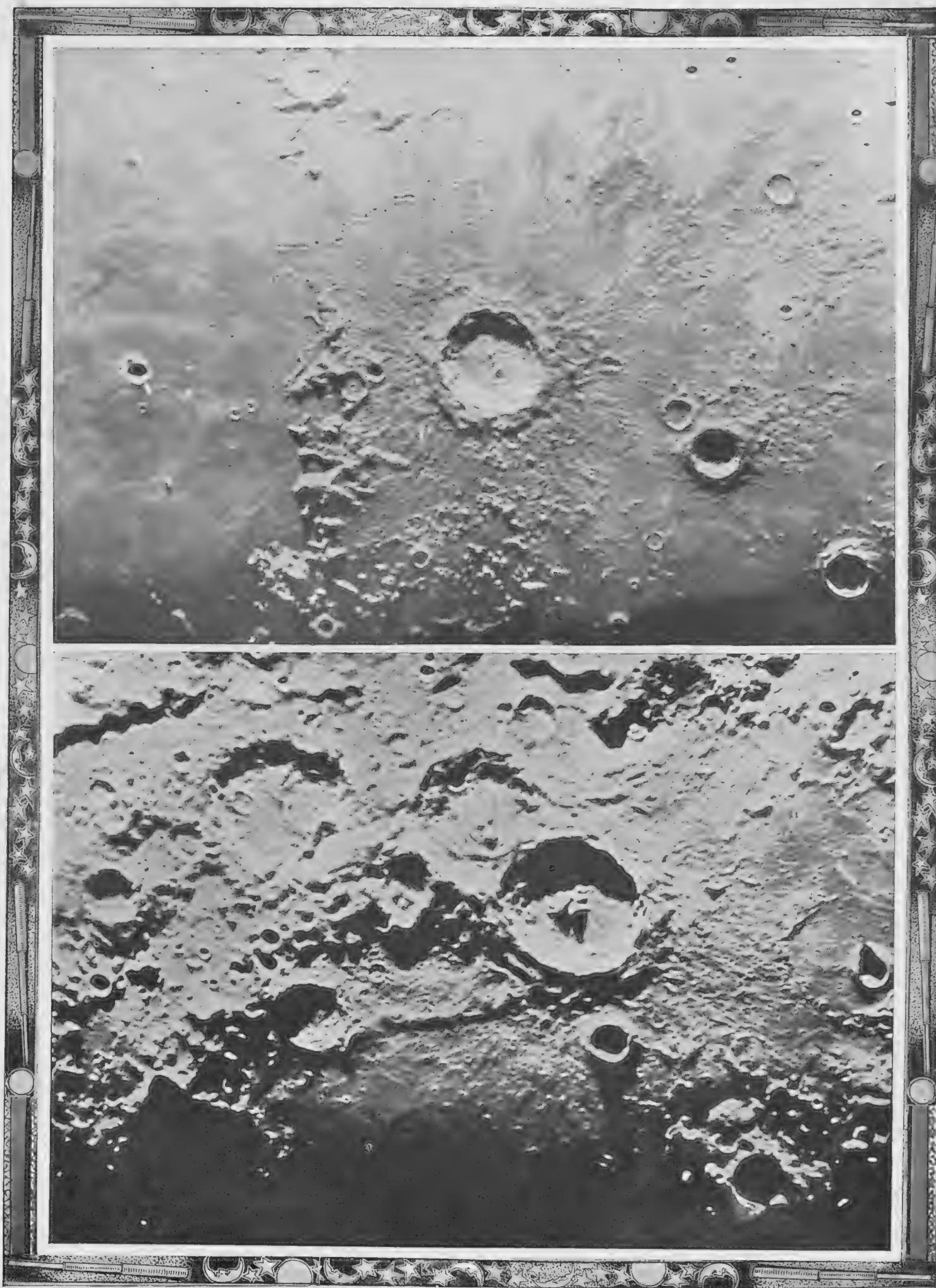
A really fine actress is at present visiting us in the person of Mme. Lydia Yaworskaia, who is appearing at the Afternoon Theatre. The Russian language which she speaks may be comprehensible to few; but, given a knowledge of the play—and who has not some acquaintance with "La Dame Aux Camélias"?—one has no difficulty in appreciating the performance as one of singular power. Objection may reasonably be made to the uncomfortable realism of the death of Marguerite Gautier, but in the midst of it all there were unusual touches of tenderness; and in the passionate scenes of the play—the scenes with Armand and his father—Mme. Yaworskaia showed a rare command of emotional expression and a refreshing freedom from exaggeration. She is, indeed, an actress of quite exceptional quality.



MUSICAL COMEDIEETTE AT THE HIPPODROME: MISS ZENA DARE IN "MITISLAW."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

"GEY FU' O' BUNKERS": THE MOON AS A GOLF LINKS.



A SIGHT THAT FASCINATED OLD TOM MORRIS: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.

It is on record that old Tom Morris' remark when shown photographs of the moon was characteristic—"It's gey fu' o' bunkers." Concerning these two photographs, it may be said that the first shows the volcano Copernicus, a great crater on the moon; and that the second shows the crater Theophilus. A mighty convulsion formed the volcano Copernicus, the central object in the photograph, and left its mark for hundreds of miles around in huge wrinkles. Its mouth is 46 miles in diameter, and is enclosed by a wall 12,000 feet high. The cone in the centre of the crater rises 2400 feet above the floor. The Theophilus crater has a diameter of 64 miles, and its walls tower 18,000 feet above the surrounding plain of lava. From the floor of the crater steep, ragged peaks rise to a height of 6000 feet.—[Photographs by W. B. Kaempfert.]



From an Eye-Witness.

The great debate in the Lords has shown that the intellectual capacity of its members is a good deal higher than unqualified criticism

would have us believe. But there are always possibilities in that House of which our drowsy Constitution has not taken heed. An eminent authority on the Constitution pointed out three years ago that while a Judge and jury had found that a certain nobleman was capable of taking care of himself, that nobleman's mind was unsound so far as taking care of his affairs was concerned: the same nobleman is not disqualified from speaking and voting in the House of Lords. Madmen have voted in Parliament, we know, and Gladstone has left a picture of such an occasion. He saw the unfortunate nobleman "reported to be in a state of total idiocy" carried in his chair to vote for the Government of the day. Loud cries of "Shame" were raised as the helpless man "less human even than an automaton," as Gladstone says, was wheeled in his chair into the

a cellar, he had divested himself of every stitch of clothing preparatory to sprinting for the division-lobby.

More Tremendous Trifles.

Chesterton cites. Years hence our present Budget will seem a trifling thing so keenly to divide the country. We smile to-day when we remember that Robert Lowe nearly brought a Ministry to defeat because he wanted to tax matches; and we marvel that Lord St. Aldwyn should have been considered to imperil the Cabinet of which he was a Member because he wanted us to pay another penny on our cheques. But it is the little things which count. The Chancellor is called a revolutionary of the first magnitude because he proposes to take payment of certain taxes in kind. He is no revolutionary; only a plagiarist. The system has long been in



A "SKETCH" COMIC ARTIST AS A PROPHET: A COMIC DRAWING FROM THIS PAPER, AND A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT WATCHING AEROPLANE FLIGHTS.

It will be remembered that, recently, we published this drawing under the title "Plane Fare: the Grandstand of the Future." It will be noticed that our artist's intelligent anticipation was such that President Fallières is seen in much the same attitude as the figures in the drawing, watching the flights of aeroplanes.

division-lobby. The unfortunate and his bearers were counted, and almost saved the Government, who found themselves in a minority of one.

Keeping Fit. A man with a soul for weights and measures put the House of Lords into the scales a little while ago and found that they weigh over forty-seven tons, which works out, as it should in the case of men of substance, at an average of something like twelve stone per man, with an average height of 5 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., which is terrific for these days, in which we believe that there were giants in every time but our own. How these good men and true manage to keep fit when legislative duties summon them from the bracing spaces of the country to breathless St. Stephen's might serve as a topic for another essay. We all know how Earl Granville managed it. A Lobby-man found him chasing at desperate speed through the Peers' section of the corridor, and asked a policeman what ailed him. "Oh," said the man on point duty, "his Lordship's dining in the House, and he's working up an appetite. He does so, too, when he's about to make a speech. He'll run up and down four times before he can go for 'em or eat his dinner." But not every man who runs upon the sacred pavement is after an appetite. One who ran was Irish, and had taken too much of the wine of his country. Retiring to

operation in our dependencies. Our friends in Uganda pay partly in kind, and the other year they had at headquarters five elephants, one zebra, twenty chimpanzees, and varied lots of wart-hogs, antelopes, porcupines, snakes, cranes, and monkeys. It is believed that Hagenbeck is simply charmed with the plan.

Happy-Go-Lucky
Jack.

It is to be hoped that the recommendation as to the use of electric lamps in battle-ship stokeholes will be effective in preventing a repetition of explosions like the one which was recently the subject of investigation. But we have always to reckon with Jack himself, no matter what the Admiralty may say. He has his own way of doing things. At the bombardment of Alexandria we wanted a 110-pounder to silence guns of the enemy which had been lording it over our lighter weapons. There was not a man in the British Army who could get the nine-ton weight into position on its sand-hill, but a naval lieutenant, after everybody else had failed, came along and did the thing with tackle and timbers and a locomotive engine worked at an apparently impossible angle. Then the gunners were set to work. On sponging out the cannon, the first thing they discovered was that it had, all the time of its buffettings and jumpings, been loaded with a live shell.

Science Jottings—By “Dr.” W. Heath Robinson (D—L—).

IV.—ANALYSING H_2O AT THE METROPOLITAN WATER BOARD.(Note for the Strictly Unscientific: H_2O is the formula for water.)

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



In the Wrong Cage. To begin to dress and make-up for a performance which one has to give in another theatre is an experience which must, of necessity, be out of the ordinary run. It happened some little time ago to Miss Doris Lyton, who is playing Milk in "The Blue Bird," which is due this (Wednesday) evening at the Haymarket. She was acting at the Kingsway at the time in "Irene Wycherley," and some flying matinées were being given. One was booked for Cardiff. On arriving in the town, she and another lady of the company went off to a theatre outside which they saw the bills of the play posted. They passed the stage-doorkeeper without demur, found a dressing-room empty, and began making-up for the performance, which was to begin at half-past two. In a little while Miss Lyton, thinking how quiet everything was, looked at her watch and found, to her amazement, there was only a quarter of an hour before the rising of the curtain. Wondering what had happened to the rest of the company, she and her companion went off to the stage-door to inquire. There they learnt to their dismay, that they were in the wrong theatre. A cab was hastily summoned. The cabman rose to the situation, and although he had to drive to the other end of the town, he reached the theatre just in time to prevent the two young actresses being late. Both the theatres were under the same management, so that the play was billed in both places; while at the wrong theatre rehearsals for a pantomime were being conducted, and the stage-doorkeeper had imagined they were members of the company.



AN AMUSING SKETCH AT THE PALACE: MRS. EMNEY, MRS. WILLIAMS, MR. FRED EMNEY, AND MR. HARRY GRATTAN IN "THE PLUMBERS."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

Trouser Trouser All theatrical dogs are not so im- perturbable as the representative of Bully Boy in "The Dancing Girl," or as quiet as the spaniels Mr. Fred Terry used to carry as King Charles in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." Once a dog used to play an important part in a melodrama in which Miss Ada Webster (the victor in a recent law-suit which has attracted much attention in the theatrical world) once acted in the provinces. It was a bull-dog, which was supposed to belong to the villain, and was so well trained that when its master, in the play, seized Miss Webster, who was the unhappy victim of his ardent affections, it used to fix its teeth in her dress, as if to prevent her escape. On one occasion, however, the dog fell ill, and a substitute, if not an understudy, had to be found for it. The new animal was supposed to be so tractable that it would do whatever it was told.

It must, however, have suffered from stage-fright on facing the footlights for the first time, as many human actors have done, for when the villain grasped the heroine by the wrists, the dog, instead of seizing her skirt, behaved with true canine chivalry, and "went for" him, tearing a great piece out of his trousers. It was in genuine alarm that the actor rushed off the stage, while the audience howled with delight at his discomfiture, for it is pathetically humorous—for other people—for a man to have a steak cut out of his nether-garments.

Turning Failure Into Success.

There are few actors who leave the musical comedy stage who content themselves with one performance. That, however, was the record of Mr. Sam Walsh, who, as mentioned in a recent number of *The Sketch*, has lately returned to the haunts of variety. Being once without a theatrical engagement, it occurred to him that he might profitably employ his time by doing a humorous sketch at the piano as a turn at a music-hall. He was put down for a Saturday evening at a certain music-hall, and was the first of fifteen extra turns. On Saturday evenings early performances are always handicapped by the settling down of an overcrowded audience, which is necessarily somewhat restive. Scarcely had Mr. Walsh begun his delicate work at the piano than the "gods" and the pittites determined that the performance was not to

their liking. They talked and shouted and whistled, they even hissed and made uncomplimentary remarks. Undaunted, Mr. Walsh determined to go on until the seven minutes he was allowed were



PLAYING IN HER OWN PLAY, "THE MONK OF SAN MARCO": MISS SYBIL RUSKIN.

On the 19th, the Play Actors' Society are to produce Miss Sybil Ruskin's three-act play, "The Monk of San Marco," in which Miss Ruskin herself will play her own "boy-girl heroine." Amongst those who figure in the cast are Leonardo da Vinci, the boy-Cardinal, Giovanni de' Medici, and Michael Angelo. Savonarola is the monk of the title. Miss Ruskin is a sister of Mr. John N. Raphael.



THE PRINCESS WHO IS APPEARING AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MME. LYDIA YAWORSKAIA, WHO IS ACTING AT THE AFTERNOON THEATRE. Mme. Yaworskaia (Princess Bariatinsky) is to be seen at the Afternoon Theatre (His Majesty's) on Tuesday and Friday afternoons. Included in her repertoire are "Hedda Gabler," "Anna Karenina," "La Dame aux Camélias," "The Sin," "Crime and Punishment," and "Ivan le Terrible."

Photograph by Boissonnas and Egger.

"BUT FOR HER EYE, I WOULD NOT LOVE HER."



SHEEP'S EYES.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Ages. The reader may possibly remember—but if not it does not matter very much—that some time ago, when I was discoursing on Mr. Maurice Baring's latest book, I speculated, being remote from books of reference, as to whether he was twenty-five, or, like most brilliant and promising young men, forty. If he was twenty-five, said I, the melancholy I observed in him would not distress me, because it is a frequent and quite agreeable sentiment in youth, and has no real reference to the facts of a young man's life; but if he was forty, it might mean that he had found life a disappointment. I have since discovered that he is actually thirty-five, and I am sorry; it is too near forty. Of course, I may have been wrong about the melancholy, and, indeed, I have heard that he is a cheerful man, but I am concerned here only with what I read, and melancholy, in theme and spirit too several of his little sketches and stories certainly were. Really, I suppose, most of us who think at all are inclined to melancholy in middle life. Few of us have achieved what we believed we should achieve, and those few find the taste of the achievement less purely sweet than they thought it would be. Our work very often is beginning to pall upon us. And then there are other things in life which touch us more nearly than our work and its results; and who is completely content in them? We may say so and think so normally, but hardly one of us can escape moments of misgiving. All this is because we feel still as well as think. Then comes a time to most of us when we think indeed, but feel very little, and I daresay that time is the most consistently cheerful. Courage! All these platitudes bring me to the pleasant conclusion that one may have quite a happy old age.

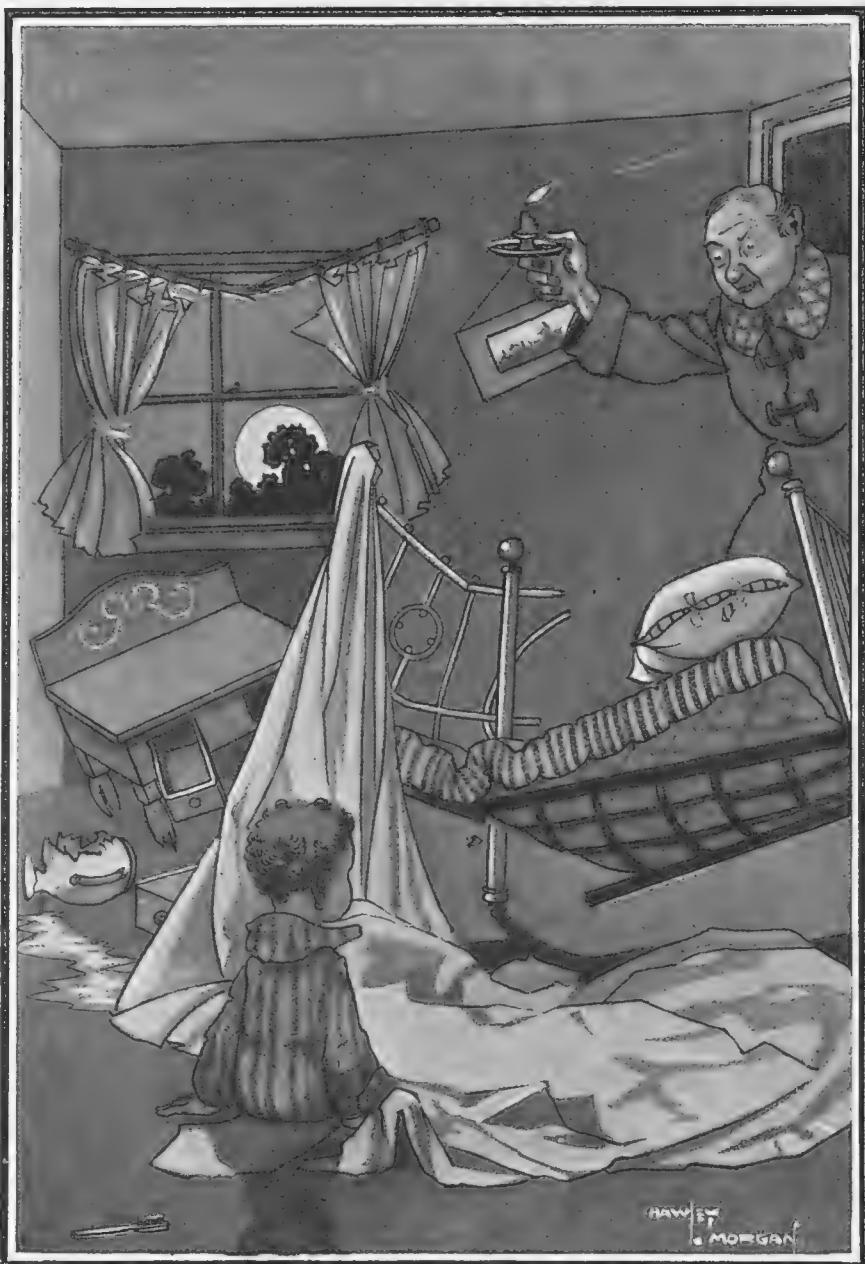
Mr. De Morgan's Age. They bring me also

to the case of Mr. William De Morgan. I have not read his latest novel yet, but I have noticed in a review that he complains of being written about as though he were a centenarian, whereas he is only seventy. If I had been he, I should have encouraged the mistake. Mr. De Morgan is so extraordinarily industrious and active for a man of seventy that people who thought him much older must have thought him a miracle, and it must be pleasant to be thought a miracle. I should love to think that people were looking at me and marvelling at my physical and intellectual strength, or wondering if I could last another five years, whereas I knew that I was jolly well going to live for another quarter of a century. Yes, I think, had I been he, I should have let people go on thinking me a centenarian—if any really did. But even as it is, I find Mr. De Morgan a great encouragement. At seventy, no doubt, seventy seems not much of an age, but at forty or so it seems a fairly long way off. How well I remember looking on men of thirty-five as desperately old fellows, quite *rangés* at least, if not done for, quite apart from "us youth," in Byron's phrase. Alas and alas, how young they seem now! And as for boys of twenty-nine or so . . . dear, dear! But Mr. De Morgan's seventy still strikes me

as comparatively old and venerable, and fills me with hope. It is so few years since his first novel was published, and to think that if one has not yet pulled off the success one hoped for there is yet twenty-five years to do it in! Yet—oh, horrible thought—Mr. De Morgan was not *trying* all the time, and if one was and failed, it is quite another matter. Has one really tried? Let us try to think not, and continue to be encouraged by Mr. De Morgan's age.

And His Length. All the same, I have not read his latest novel, and since we are quite alone I confess to you that it is possible I never may. It contains eight hundred pages,

look you, and I am a busy man, or at any rate ought to be one, and my business is reading and writing, and no one will pay me adequately to read eight hundred pages of Mr. De Morgan. When he published his first novel I was misinformed about him. I was told he was an old man—your pardon, Sir—who had spent his life in other artistic pursuits, and now had written that one book which we are told every man could write if he only gave us his experiences. So I took on "Joseph Vance," in spite of its length, and I was half-way through it when, lo! another long novel from Mr. De Morgan. I forget how many he has written since. Everyone says they are very good, but I daresay he would find excuses for a busy man whose business is reading and writing. I'll have a go at it some time, however



PATERFAMILIAS (hearing a terrific noise in his son's bedroom and rushing in): Good heavens, Tommy, what's all this about?

TOMMY (who has been having a wild time): Oh, daddie! I dreamt I'd been wrecked, and oh, daddie, what an awful thing a real wreck must be!

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

"Johnny Lewison." I have found time for a reasonably short and capital story, "Johnny Lewison," by A. E. Jacomb. It is the old story of the parvenu in love with a well-born damsel, but it is told with much freshness of observation and with a pleasant sympathy. The affair is complicated by the young man being a Jew, and I am not sure that Miss Jacomb makes enough of that in the emotions of him and his father. But that is only conjecture on my part. I suppose there may be Jews who regard themselves as ordinary middle-class English folk, though I should not if I were one.

Can it Be? What is this I hear of poets challenging one another to fight? Can such things be? It may be all the imagination of American papers for anything I know, though the account I read was rather circumstantial. It seems that one poet wrote a poem the other poet did not like, so he retaliated with a very bitter effusion indeed, and followed it up with a challenge to a boxing encounter. There, if I may say so, he hardly followed the right etiquette, which ordains that the person last insulted should be the challenger. I don't suppose the affair could really come off; it certainly would be fun if it did; but isn't boxing rather irrelevant to the quarrel? You may say the same of the Continental duel, only in that there is a chance of one man killing the other—that, at least, is the theory—and death is not such an irrelevant matter. But a black eye or a cut lip is hardly "satisfaction," I should have thought.

N. O. I.

DORMY ONE!



THE ANGRY SCOT: It's an awfu' thing to lose your ball, but to lose your partner is reediklus!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE REASON WHY.

By HORACE WYNDHAM.

"I THINK," observed Phyllida—my Phyllida—suddenly (and with what, looking at it from the broadest point of view, one feels compelled to characterise as petulance, "you really might put that silly old paper down and talk to me instead.")

I deposited the *Times* on the table between us and turned obediently to its critic.

"You don't appear to realise the importance of the paper you refer to in those uncomplimentary terms."

Phyllida, who is nothing if not candid, admitted the fact freely.

"No, I don't."

"Nor can you be properly aware that all right-minded people regard it as a bulwark."

The glance of inquiry that met the statement was a little disconcerting.

"A bulwark of what, please?"

I searched for an appropriate simile.

"Of the Empire on which the sun never ceases to shine—occasionally."

Phyllida's silvery laugh rang out.

"Thank you. Still, that's not quite the point."

"The point of what?"

"Of what I was going to say before you interrupted me. And that is that, however important the paper may be, it's not half so important as that you should do what I ask you. At least, that's what I think about it."

"Very well," I returned resignedly, for, as another ten minutes had to be filled in before having to catch my train, it seemed only politic to maintain the entente until the last possible moment. "I am entirely at your service. What are your commands?"

"Er—I'm afraid you've put them out of my head now," answered Phyllida disappointedly. "Never mind, though," she continued. "Tell me what's in the paper instead. Is there anything interesting, I mean?"

"Perhaps you would like to see for yourself," I suggested.

My companion shook her head in an ungrateful refusal.

"No," she answered. "I can't be bothered wading through a dull old newspaper like that."

Accuracy being a strong point with me, I felt bound to enter upon a mild protest.

"The paper is not old. It bears to-day's date."

"I wish you wouldn't be so horribly precise," was the sharp retort. "I didn't mean old in that sense, and you know it quite well."

Discretion is the better part of debate. I had no desire to embark upon an argument which could have but one conclusion. Accordingly, I conceded the point, and took up the paper again.

"There is not very much news this morning," I announced, after a somewhat exhaustive search. "I see, though, that two of our leading Suffragettes have taken first prizes at a Covent Garden fancy-dress ball. They were disguised as ladies."

"Why were they disguised?"

"Presumably to avoid recognition."

Phyllida looked thoughtful.

"I don't think that's very clever of you. Please try again."

"What about this, then?" I hazarded. "It says here that the Upper Tooting Ladies' Mutual Improvement and Helpful

Endeavour Association have decided, by five votes to four, that none of their members shall read my new novel, 'Three Squeaks,' without a special license from the committee. Rather severe, isn't it?"

"Not at all. The committee are perfectly right. No really nice-minded girl would have anything to do with such a perfectly horrid book. I was quite shocked when I read it."

"Well, the whole edition is sold out, anyway."

"And I trust that the same thing will happen to the next one. It's what it deserves. However, perhaps instead of discussing this you will kindly answer the question I asked you just now."

"Which one was that, please?"

Phyllida's glance was of the description that is technically termed "withering."

"It's scarcely polite of you to have forgotten it so soon. What I inquired was if there's any news in the paper."

"Let me see," I returned, running a critical eye down the columns of the second page. "Ah, here's something—"

"Yes?"

"A City correspondent says, 'Further ease has been apparent in the discount market of late. American stocks, however, opened quiet and undecided, while Tintos were offered and closed weak.'"

The information was received somewhat coldly.

"I haven't the least idea what Tintos are, or what you're talking about even. To me it sounds more like bad grammar than anything else."

"It's merely an extract from the Money Article."

But Phyllida was not to be placated so easily.

"I don't care what it's extracted from," she retorted. "It's not any the better for it."

"Very well; then, we will take it as read, and try something else. How does this strike you? It's a suggestion for a new scheme of punctuation."

The subject appeared to arouse a faint interest.

"You can read it if you like. By the way, does it say anything about bicycles?"

"What on earth have bicycles to do with punctuation?" I demanded in turn.

"A good deal more than they ought to. Anyhow, the front wheel of mine got very badly—er—punctuated—yesterday afternoon. Doesn't the article say how it ought to be mended?"

"I'm afraid not."

The omission seemed to disappoint Phyllida.

"Then it ought to," she returned severely. "What are you laughing at?"

"The foreign telegrams. Shall I read them?"

The offer was declined—without thanks.

"Oh, bother the foreign telegrams. They're always as dull as they can be."

"Perhaps you would like to make a suggestion, then," I observed tentatively. "Here is the paper."

The "withering" glance came into operation again.

"Really, you're excessively stupid—even for a man. Just as if you didn't know by this time that there's only one part of a newspaper that ever has anything of the least interest in it."

I bore the aspersion without flinching.

[Continued overleaf.]

MONEY — AND KIND.



MRS. ADAMS: Accused you of stealin' a' bob when s'ie dropped her purse, dijn't she?
 MRS. EVES: Gooj as said as 'ow she'd a' found it if I 'adn't 'elped 'er look for it.



THE ARISTOCRAT: No, go away; I never give to beggars.

THE COMMONER: Madam, you mistake; I am no beggar. All I ask is the simple loan of an onion.

"We probably define the term differently. Suppose, however, you tell me the precise place where I should look for something interesting."

A plaintive sigh met the suggestion.

"You know perfectly well that it's the first column on the first page."

"Ah, the domestic intelligence portion?"

"Of course," returned Phyllida, settling herself comfortably in her chair. "Where else could it be? Now, don't wait any longer, but read it out at once. Begin by telling me whose marriages are announced."

"The only persons you're likely to know anything of," I answered, "are that stupid old Colonel Carbine and that awfully pretty little girl, Angelica Maitland."

The intelligence was received with what, for want of a better term, must be described as a distinct "sniff."

"Colonel Carbine is not old, and he is most certainly not stupid. On the contrary, he is a man of most excellent taste. He once paid me a great deal of attention."

"Then he is the most discerning of his sex," I hastened to observe.

"As for Miss Maitland, however," went on Phyllida, ignoring my complimentary reference, "I don't consider that she's 'awfully pretty' at all. I am not sure, either, that she is really quite nice. In fact, she always struck me as being rather a minx."

"In what way did she display the minx-like tendencies with which you so unfairly credit her?"

"What a question!" was the indignant response. "Why, you know perfectly well that she used to make up to you in a most forward manner. Of course, I don't forget that she refused you in the end."

"Pardon me, it was in the beginning," I corrected. "It is just as well to be accurate in these little matters."

"It isn't of the slightest consequence," returned Phyllida airily. "Besides, it doesn't excuse her preliminary behaviour in the least. I suppose she talked a lot of nonsense about never being able to be anything to you, didn't she?"

"On the contrary, Miss Maitland was good enough to offer to become a member of my family."

"What!"

"Yes, she promised to be a sister to me. As, however, I happened to be already exceedingly well provided for in that respect, I was unable to accept the offer. Still, to save disappointment, I undertook to nominate her for the first vacancy that might occur."

Phyllida looked suddenly reflective.

"H'm, you did, did you? Well, never mind about it now. We'll talk about it later. For the present you can read out some more news."

"I picked up the paper once more and continued my researches. Almost immediately I came upon an item that would, I felt sure, prove of interest.

"You remember the Benedicks?" I began. "They were married just a year ago."

"Quite well," was the prompt answer. "Tall, handsome man—remarkably good-looking, in fact—and a plain, insignificant sort of a girl."

"Nothing of the kind," I returned. "It's absurd to describe Benedick as being anything more than quite an ordinary-looking man. The girl, however, was really beautiful."

But Phyllida's boasted memory evidently failed her.

"Rubbish!" she retorted. "A made-up little thing like that, indeed. Who will you be calling 'beautiful' next? However, I don't want to discuss the matter now. Tell me, though, what there is in the paper about them."

"Well, I see that they've just started a family."

My companion's interest was roused at last.

"Really? How pleased they'll be!" she exclaimed. "I wonder what career they'll choose for the baby."

"I had a talk with Benedick on the subject this afternoon."

"And what has he settled on? Do tell me."

"Nothing is decided at present. You see, he seems to think it's a little early to make up his mind. The child isn't a week old yet."

"That doesn't matter a bit," asserted Phyllida oracularly. "Children should be trained for their future careers from the very day of their birth. I am quite sure that Mr. Benedick will agree with me."

"I am inclined to think that he does—in a general sort of way, at any rate. As a matter of fact, he has already admitted as much to me."

"And what did he say about it? Is he going to make the little darling a soldier? I do hope so."

"No, he's not at all likely to do that."

"Then I consider it a great pity. Just think how splendid it would be to be the father of a future field-marshall."

"The prospect is dazzling, I admit. Still, in this particular instance, it's not quite feasible."

"Then," declared Phyllida, "he might choose the Navy instead, and make his child an admiral."

"I fancy the latest regulations make it necessary to graduate in a somewhat lower rank. However, it doesn't much matter, as the Navy is equally out of the question for the Benedick infant."

"What about the Church, then? I think it would be awfully nice if the child grew up to be a bishop."

"That was my idea, too. I'm afraid there's no hope of it, though. The parents won't even consider the matter."

Phyllida looked disappointed. "Well, there don't seem to be many professions left. In fact, there's only the Bar."

"I suggested that also."

"And they didn't care about it?"

"They certainly gave me that impression."

Phyllida sighed.

"And the little darling might even have become a Judge in time."

"Even that prospect didn't seem to tempt the parents."

"Their neglect is inexcusable, then," commented Phyllida severely. "If, however, they won't make the child either a soldier, a sailor, a clergyman, or a barrister, what on earth do they intend it to grow up into?"

"From what Benedick himself said to me on the subject, both he and his wife seem to have some thoughts of letting the child grow up into a woman."

There was silence for a moment. Then Phyllida broke it.

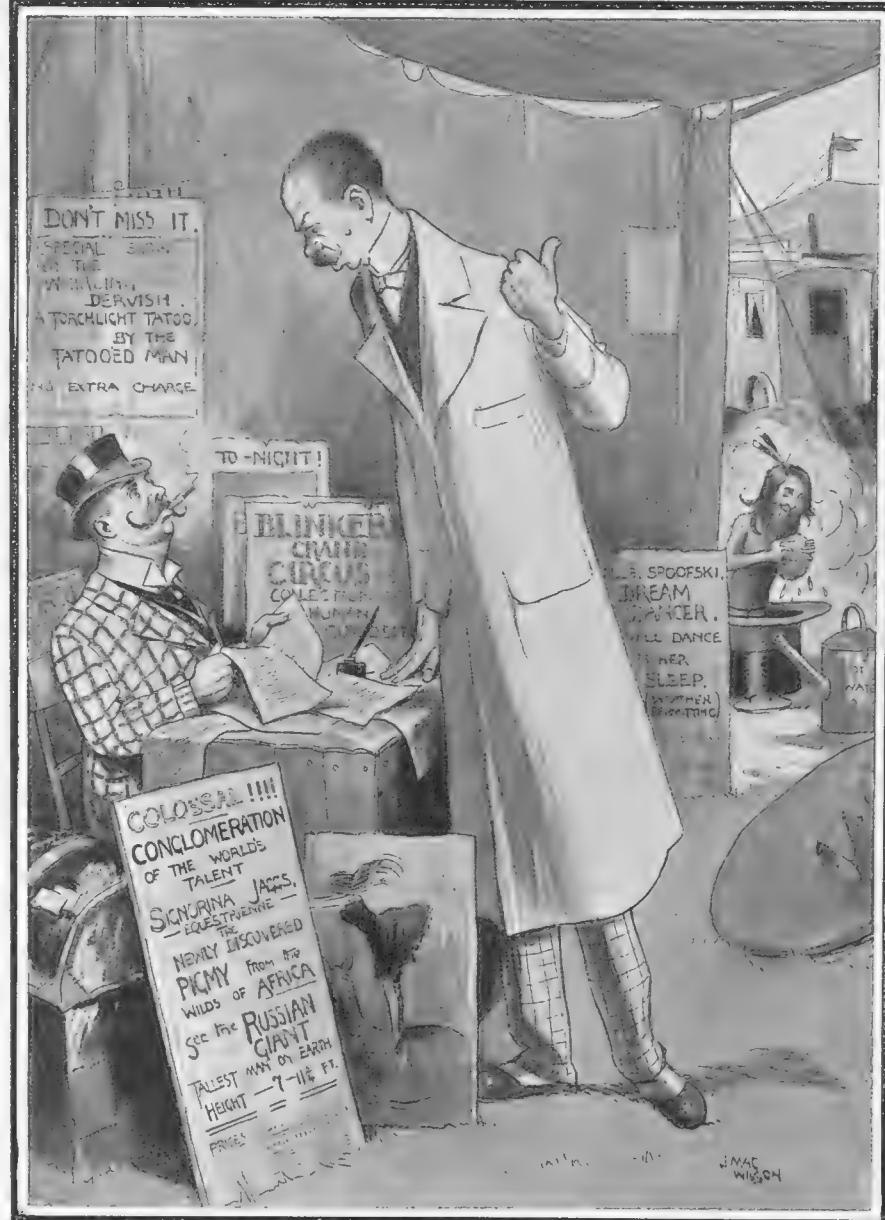
"I don't understand you," she observed in so chilly a manner that I thought a breath of the English summer must have crept into the room. "A woman? How can they do that?"

"Oh, it won't be very difficult."

"Perhaps not. Please explain, though."

"Well, you see—the baby happens to be a girl already."

THE END.



THE CIRCUS GIANT: Here, I'm not going to stand this any longer.

THE PROPRIETOR: What's up?

THE GIANT: It's that little pigmy fellow; he insists on using my top hat for his bath every morning.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE appointment of Sir A. K. Wilson as First Sea Lord has a special interest for our Allies the Japanese, for he is one of the men who put them in the way of becoming the first-class fighting men that Russia and China to their cost have since



THE NEW MAYORESS OF JOHANNESBURG,
MRS. SIMS (SISTER OF MR. GRAUMANN).

with port-holes and guns, all complete, in the building. There were seamen's cabins cheek by jowl with Japanese bath-rooms. The students were the sons of Japanese officers and nobles, and turned up in flowing gowns, accoutred with the distinguishing mark of their rank—the two swords. For practical work afloat they went on board a little brigantine moored near by. And in those circumstances and under the eye of the future First Sea Lord of Britain the navy of Japan was born.

How Indeed? It would be interesting to know how the house of Knightley, with Sir Charles, Bt., of that ilk, at its head, views the proposal of the Government with regard to roadside spaces. The suggestion is, of course, that when it is sought to effect an improvement, the authority by whom the work is to be undertaken shall have power to acquire parts of the road adjoining. Now, this sort of thing was before Parliament when the third Baronet of the Knightley line reigned. He was a great figure in the country, of course, very popular, and a typical country gentleman. Therefore, his evidence to the Committee on Highways, before whom the question lay, was of prime importance. The Chairman of the Committee received him with the deference due to a man of pedigree, and mildly ventured—"You wish, I believe, to place something before us?" "Certainly I do," answered Sir Charles. "I hear that you propose to do away with the grass strips along the roads; but if you do, how the devil am I to ride to covert?" And no man could answer.

P.C. Lord Charles Beresford. Possibly not one man in a thousand of whom he is addressing knows that Lord Charles Beresford was once a policeman. They know that he is quite firm and ready to cope with any rough-and-ready disturbance at



Photograph by Trajano
THE NEW MAYOR OF JOHANNESBURG:
MR. HARRY GRAUMANN.

"it is, my dear boy," he answered; "I could not afford half as many men as I have, and you'd be thundering glad of an escort also."

The Farmeress. When to-morrow the farmers wait upon Lord Carrington they will all appear as of one sex, unless Miss Pankhurst assumes gaiters and a crook. But the prizes just awarded in Birmingham to Miss Alice de Rothschild, Mrs. Montebello, and Miss Ida Chamberlain, of Highbury, do not merely indicate a chance feminine ownership. It would be extravagant to suppose all the prize-winning animals pet lambs and lap-pigs, but they stimulate a lively interest, if not affection, in the bosoms of their breeders.

*Comedy
Unrehearsed.* Mr. George Grossmith is two - and - sixty to-morrow (Thursday), and, while we congratulate him, we ought to pour a libation to the memory of Sullivan, who discovered him and gave him to the theatre-going world. "Sing that as loudly as you can," said the composer, striking D in the treble. "G. G." gave it voice. "Now sing 'My name is John Wellington Wells,'" said Sullivan. "G. G." did. "If you can do that, you can do the rest," said Sir W. S. Gilbert's collaborateur, and forthwith allotted him the part in "The Sorcerer" which brought him to fame via the Savoy. "G. G." never made a mistake but once, and that was when, pressed for time, he dressed in a cab while driving to an engagement. He saw a crowd pouring out of a brilliantly lighted building, and concluded that it was his audience, disappointed at his non-appearance. "Go back! go back! It's all right, George Grossmith is here!" he shouted through the cab-window. Too late he discovered that his supposed audience was a congregation leaving chapel.



THE KING'S ELDEST DAUGHTER AND HER DAUGHTERS: THE PRINCESS ROYAL (PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF FIFE) AND THE PRINCESSES ALEXANDRA AND MAUD OF FIFE.

The Princess Royal and her two daughters are likely to play a greater rôle in Society this next year than ever before, for the young Princesses will naturally see something of the world now that they have emerged from the school-room stage of life. They are both very accomplished, their education having been carefully supervised not only by their mother, but also by the Duke of Fife, who is himself very cultivated and has exceptionally artistic tastes. The Princess Royal's health is better than it has been for some time, and her friends hope that she will chaperon her daughters to some of the great ducal balls.—[Photograph by J. Corbett.]

KEY-NOTES



The Dukas Symphony.

Some of those who heard the Symphony in C by Paul Dukas for the first time last Saturday week must have expressed regret that the work

had been allowed to take some thirteen years or more to reach our shores. When it was written the composer was moving, under the influence of César Franck, along lines that the most modern of French composers have since explored very thoroughly. When Dukas wrote the Symphony he was as clever as when he wrote the "Apprenti Sorcier," but he was hardly as interesting from the standpoint of those who like a clear melodic outline, and working-out that is free of any great complexity. In the year 1909 much of the Symphony in C sounds comparatively old-fashioned, as well as ugly and diffuse, at a first hearing. The Symphony is in three movements, of which the first is perhaps the most important, and while it is of high interest from the musical-literary point of view, it is hard to find in it the elements of popularity. "L'Apprenti Sorcier," which was included in the programme, enjoyed a better reception. It is a pity that the Symphony did not receive a warmer welcome, for French music is in the vanguard of the modern movement to-day; and it is a pity, too, that a little more time had not been given to the rehearsal of a very difficult and complicated score. In any case, we must be grateful to Mr. Wood for breaking fresh ground and giving us the opportunity of hearing a work of mark, if not of actual distinction, however late in the day.

Crystal Palace Orchestral Society. At the Crystal Palace last Saturday week the C.P. Orchestral Society joined forces with the C.P. Choir, and under the baton of Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock gave a highly attractive concert. The "Meistersinger" Overture secured an extremely spirited rendering, and the choir was heard to great advantage in Elgar's Choral Suite "From the Bavarian Highlands," and in Felicien David's quaintly old-fashioned Symphonic Ode "The Desert,"



"A ACTRESS": BABY EDNA MAUD.

Baby Edna, of Bristol, is just over five. She is to be one of the fairies in "Pinkie and the Fairies" at His Majesty's. When Sir Herbert Tree engaged her, he asked her whether she would like to be called singer or dancer. The reply was "No, I'm not any of them. I'm a actress." At the age of three, Baby Edna appeared in a benefit performance at the Palace Theatre, at Bristol. After that she played in the pantomime "Red Riding Hood."

Photograph by Watts and Co.



THE NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD VIOLINIST WHO IS TO PLAY AT THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

By playing at the Philharmonic Society's concert at Queen's Hall to-night at the age of nineteen, Miss Parlow creates a record.

Photograph by Bieber.

marked to be altogether ignored. At the Hampstead Conservatoire, M. René Ortmans has proved conclusively that the women students of London can present the masterpieces of the orchestra in most

effective fashion where they have the benefit of the services of a conductor who understands the best traditions of his art and works with tact and patience. Miss Penville, who gave a recital at Steinway Hall recently, is a young flautist whose technique is far advanced, and whose temperament is undeniably musical. Perhaps nervousness made her rather too vigorous last week; perhaps the flute is not absolutely at its best in chamber music. Certain it is that there were moments when the noise of the keys and the heavy wind-pressure in the upper register were rather more in evidence than was requisite for complete enjoyment of the playing. But Miss Penville is young, clever, and ambitious, and she should succeed in her profession.

Mr. Neville Swainson.

At the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday night last week, Mr. Neville

Swainson gave a recital, with the aid of the London Symphony Orchestra under the direction of M. Ortmans, who conducted a brilliant performance of the "Coriolan" Overture. Of the concert-giver it can only be said that his technique is very far in advance of his temperament. He is as sure and certain as a good pianola, and at times hardly more interesting. This is the more to be regretted because so fine a performer upon the keyboard ought to possess or to develop the interpretative faculty. There is apparently nothing in piano-music he could not conquer in the way of difficulties—in fact, there were moments when his playing suggested that he was deliberately holding himself back, lest he should be charged with sentimentality. But when a player chooses the Beethoven Concerto No. 4 in G, he really must not treat it with cold severity; the music was not written for such an interpretation. There must be genuine expression as well as a measure of

restraint. It should be a pleasant experience to hear Mr. Swainson in another mood.

The "Elektra" and "Salomé" from London. It is understood that Mr. Thomas Beecham, whose fine orchestra has been too long absent from the English stage, will be responsible for a short season of opera at Covent Garden in February next, and that he proposes to present the Wilde-Strauss opera "Salomé," and perhaps the "Elektra." There is some risk that the authorities may object to "Salomé," but there is a fairly general opinion in musical circles that, as "Samson et Dalila" has been found moral enough for a British audience, "Salomé" will be presented. Those of us who have heard "Salomé" on the Continent hope that this belief is well founded, though there can be no comparison between the two works. Strauss gives us the East and Orientals as travelled men know them; Dr. Saint-Saëns gives us a very charming work, and that is the best that can be said for it. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."



TO CONDUCT THE ORCHESTRA AT THE COURT: MISS MARJORIE SLAUGHTER.

Miss Slaughter is to conduct the orchestra during the performances of "Alice in Wonderland," at the Court. She is the daughter of the late Walter Slaughter, the well-known composer.—[Photograph by Halfstones.]

a very charming work, and that is the best that can be said for it. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

COMMON CHORD.



The Continental Pressure Chart.

The necessity for care as to the proper inflation of tyres cannot be too often insisted upon, particularly when a car-owner leaves such matters to his paid driver. He should ascertain the pressures recommended by the makers for the sizes of tyres he uses, and the weight per wheel they are expected to carry, and then, with one of the neat and easily applied gauges supplied by tyre-manufacturers and others, he should frequently test the pressures to see that his orders are carried out. Such precautions will mean many pounds saved during a year's use of a car. Having recently taken the opportunity of testing the air-pressures in tyres fitted to a number of cars of all makes and types, the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain), Ltd., were shocked to find the great majority of them very much lower than they recommend. Addressing their very large clientèle on the subject, the company point out that weak pressures result in damage to the beading and the inner layers of fabric; while if, on the other hand, the pressures are too great, the occupants of the car will suffer from enormous vibration. To avoid this, the Continental Company have issued a revised table of pressures for various sizes and loads, and I would recommend my readers to obtain a copy for their guidance.

"A Show Next Year Imperative." If anything were necessary to emphasise the desireability of again holding a motor show next year, it would be the wailing of the French motor Press over the success of our exhibition and the relinquishment of their own. The show which will most assuredly be arranged in Paris next year (for our French friends will not bungle twice) must be preceded by our show in London if we are to hold our own as the motor mart of the world. For that is what London has now become, as so sapiently prophesied by Mr. S. F. Edge at the congratulatory dinner given him after winning the Gordon-Bennett Race seven years ago. The suitability of Olympia for such an exhibition has been considerably enhanced by the demolition of the curtain wall which erstwhile separated the annexe from the main hall, and the continuation of the lines of stands and gangways from one end of the building to the other. The value of positions has been largely equalised thereby, and it only remains next year to make the stand numbers as well as the stands run consecutively.

Brooklands as an Aviatory.

Despite its comparatively circumscribed area, Brooklands is making a bold bid to qualify as an aviatory. When all the work at present in hand there is completed, there will be available some 300 square acres of

smooth ground for initial flights. Three sheds are already occupied by aspiring aviators, and it is said that there are many applicants for those in course of erection. It will be curious if, after all, Brooklands should become a place of popular resort, not through the automobile sport for which it was originally established at so great a cost, but through a means of progress which could never have become in any way practical but for the huge improvements in internal-combustion engines forced by the demands of the public. After his great faith and greater expenditure, one would dearly like to see Mr. Locke King come into his own.

Paraffin to Lighten Taxation. The motorist, groaning under a double load of taxation, will assuredly welcome

any means of getting round the revenue without, of course, offending against the law. If a man can make his car run on undutiable fuel, then Lloyd-George and all his myrmidons cannot prevent him without further powers from Parliament. A friend of mine, who drives a medium-powered Talbot car, assures me that his engine starts up, pulls, and runs every bit as well with a mixture of two gallons of shell-spirit and one pint of paraffin, and that he believes that in the hot weather he will be able to add one and a half pints of paraffin to the contents of a red tin. So, with carburetters as tractable as the Talbot, it would appear that for every two gallons of fuel used at 1s. 3d. per gallon a pint and a half further fuel can be employed, costing but 8d. per gallon, or even less. I leave it to the mathematically minded to say how much would thus be saved in a year's run of ten thousand miles at twenty miles to the gallon of the mixed fuel.

The Daimler Works Visited. Having perfected the Silent Knight Engine, and secured a popular success at the Show, the Daimler Motor Company on Wednesday last invited over two hundred representative manufacturers and journalists to an inspection of their works and methods at Coventry. This large party, which also included

many well-known scientists, travelled by special train to and from Coventry, and were most hospitably entertained at the great automobile factory in the ancient city of the Three Spires. If anything were wanting to convince the automobile world of the scientific thoroughness and superlative work now put into Daimler cars, the visit and inspection should more than suffice. The very latest methods and machinery are laid under contribution, and nothing is lacking to make the Daimler car a peer among automobiles. The works and all therein contained, as I saw them on Wednesday, are a credit both to the company and the country.



INJURED IN A MOTOR ACCIDENT:
THE HON. ARCHIBALD GORDON,
THIRD SON OF LORD ABERDEEN.
Mr. Gordon was driving towards Andover, and was two miles from Winchester, when his car and one that emerged from a cross-road came into collision. Both cars were smashed, and all the occupants were injured. Mr. Gordon was conveyed to the County Hospital at Winchester, where an operation was successfully performed.

Photograph by Lafayette.

manufacturers and journalists to an inspection of their works and methods at Coventry. This large party, which also included



THE HANSOM TAXI: THE NEWEST FORM OF MOTOR-CAB.

As may be seen, the driver sits aloft, as does the driver of a hansom. The vehicle illustrated is in Paris.

Photograph by Branger.



National Hunt
Sport.

"Can he jump?" If the answer is in the affirmative, he proceeds lightly to his work and has never a care. If, on the other hand, he is told that he is on an unsafe conveyance, he has all the time to be looking out for squalls, and, as a rule, he has not to wait long, either. I, for one, do not think any horse should be allowed to start unless he had been found to be a safe fencer at home, and the idea that many trainers hold that it does inexperienced young animals good to have a public school and a tumble or two should be met by heavy fines. If a horse won't jump at home he will not, as a rule, jump in public, and by starting such an animal in a race a great deal of damage may be done to other horses and riders. Then, again, in the matter of qualifying horses for National Hunt flat-races, many of these are never intended to jump a country except for qualifying purposes, and it often takes ten outings before they do that. In the meantime jockeys are made to take risks which should not be possible, and I should like to see a rule passed under which hunters should not be qualified for National Hunt flat-races unless they were placed in the very first steeplechase in which they ran. This would at least limit the risk taken by the jockeys, and it would ensure our seeing better steeplechasing. Many men owning jumpers mistake the racecourse for the training-ground. Perhaps those in authority will in time open their eyes to this error.

Next Year. Already there is a little betting on the Derby of 1910, and favouritism rests with Lemberg and Neil

Gow. It is understood that Maher will have his choice of mounts between these two. Neil Gow, I should add, is awkward at the gate; but I do not think this would affect his chance much on the Epsom course unless something crossed and interfered with him while at the post. He is a very fine-looking colt and is bred to win a classic. Lemberg, too, is useful, and can, I think, be made even a bit better than he was this year; but

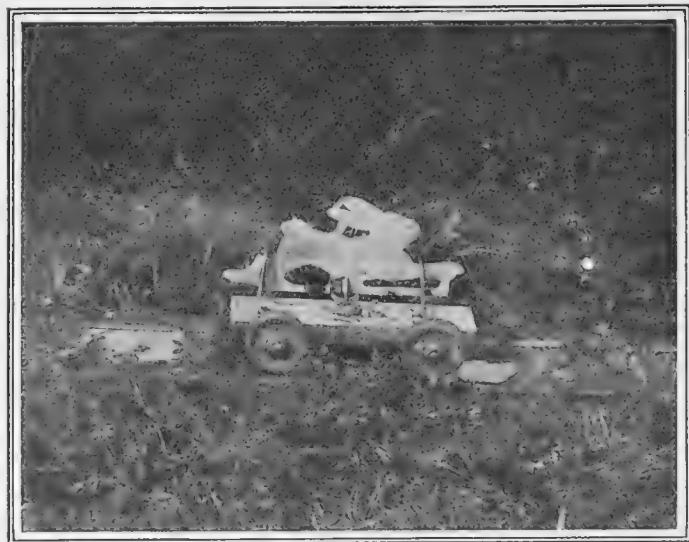
Mr. Fairie will be well advised not to hurry him in his three-year-old preparation, and this he is not likely to do after what happened to Bayardo last spring. The Derby is not the only betting event that is talked about just now, for thus early 20 to 1 is offered on the field for the City and Suburban, 20 to 1 on the field for the

Chester Cup, and 33 to 1 on the field for the Jubilee Stakes. Mustapha is favourite for the Lincoln Handicap, and it is always good business to back a horse for the early spring handicap that has performed well in the Cambridgeshire. It is sincerely to be hoped that Cackler and Jerry M will both be started for the Grand National. This would make the race interesting to a degree to lovers of first-class 'chasers. No doubt both horses will be given plenty of weight, but we have seen big imposts carried to victory at Aintree, and nothing delights the crowd more than to see a 12 st. 7 lb. horse victorious. Probably Lutteur III., last year's winner, will head the handicap, and rightly so, too, for his victory last spring was gained in the easiest possible fashion.

According to S.P. Betting. rumour, the starting-price bookmakers had a disastrous time during the flat-race season just closed. It is a remarkable fact that while the big handicaps, with about two exceptions, were won by outsiders, somebody managed to find the winners with the stay-at-home layers. I do hear that many of the S.P. men were practically broke, and in several instances they got out of their difficulties by paying only a small percentage of the winnings due to their clients. It is a pity that one of the unfortunates could not be induced to write a history of flat-racing in 1909, so far as it

affected his business. We should then, perhaps, be able to see who were on the no-chancers that rolled home with persistent frequency for the big handicaps. Years ago it was practically proved that the betting jockeys ladled in big money over the outsiders that won them, and it may be the same now, for all I know. Anyway, I think in all cases when a reversal of form is shown by any horse, an explanation should be called for by the Stewards.

This would perhaps allay the suspicions of the little punters at any rate, while it would do no harm at all to the honest portion of owners and jockeys. The plan works well in America, and it certainly would do good to the sport if adopted in this country. Often there is a legitimate excuse for the in-and-out running of horses, but the public do not know of this, with the result that they denounce the whole thing as a



A RABBIT THAT DIES THE DEATH MANY TIMES A DAY: A METAL "RUNNING RABBIT" ON RAILS, AT AN ÉCOLE DE CHASSE, NEAR PARIS. The rabbit runs along rails on wheels by its own momentum, the rails being set on sloping ground.



LEARNING TO SHOOT RABBITS: FIRING AT THE METAL "RUNNING RABBIT."

Realism is given to the movements of the rabbit in "life" by the fact that it disappears from time to time behind bushes or behind wicker arches. Its death is made realistic by the fact that when it is shot properly it jumps into the air and turns a somersault.

Photographs by General Illustrations Agency.

swindle. An inquiry would at times relieve the those who, under existing conditions, have to jump at hasty conclusions in the absence of evidence.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

Christmas Presents for All.

Presents in Peltry. The average woman loves fur—first, because she knows she looks her best in it; second, because it is so cosy and comfortable. The International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, is therefore a happy hunting-ground for Christmas gifts. Such a charming place it is, too, the big salons on the first floor devoted to beauty—that is, the ladies—and the beasts—that is, their skins—which they, by the way, would fail to recognise, so lovely are they. They are quite a pleasure to see, so tasteful the style, so restful the scheme of colour. Out of mirror-panelled cupboards come the most beautiful coats for inspection; this year they are all long. There is no medium. One of baby Persian lamb struck my fancy. It is opened up the sides, and finished with ornaments of braid. It is trimmed with skunk, now the most fashionable of trimming furs, and it is lined with deep rich sapphire-blue satin. Of this delectable garment an illustration is given. There is an evening coat of tailless ermine, having a deep border round it of smoked fox, with long revers of smoked fox and cuffs to correspond, that is most uncommon and very smart. Long coats of musquash dressed as seal, trimmed with skunk, are in more variety than would be deemed possible, did not one see them. These are all lined with satins of rich contrasting colour, which improves them greatly, and is also much better than white-satin linings for wearing in dear, dirty London when the fogs are here. There was a magnificent shawl-draped coat of ermine, the tails cleverly used to indicate the lines of drapery. What a covetable present it is I leave it to my readers to estimate. Down below, in the salons where men and women meet in buying furs, there is a splendid selection of sets, boas, and muffs. The first are very wide and very soft this winter, and the muffs are very wide, very long, soft, and pliable. There is a superb set in the very finest ermine; many in soft, luxurious sable; quantities in stone-marten, Fisher sable, mole, skunk; and in black and silver and white fox. It is the place to go to see and choose furs, because the name of the firm is a guarantee for quality and style, and the variety must satisfy the most exigent.

Value and Variety. A point about up-to-date presents is to give really good things. The days when cheap imitations deceived are over. To give them now is to court contempt, not gratitude. Gifts bought at the beautiful shop of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, are of the best value; the name of the firm guarantees them good. They abound in all departments. As it is more usual at

this season to want many gifts at moderate price than one at considerable cost, I will confine my remarks more to the silver department, where, as usual, a feature has been made of an immense variety of neat little things suitable for gifts. Everyone knows that some of the loveliest and the best jewellery in the world can be purchased at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths'. A two-handled solid-silver bowl, on an ebony plinth, with a beading all round the top and a wire lattice for flowers, is a delightful gift and at very moderate cost. Very handsome is a solid silver-gilt jewel-box with a lid of tortoiseshell, the whole decorated in Adam style and the lid inlaid; it would charm any woman recipient. Another beautiful thing in tortoiseshell (which is a specially well represented thing with the firm) is a Bridge box with solid-silver mounts, and the lid inlaid with silver festoons. Nothing could be nicer or in more correct classical taste than a long silver dish on a stand of pierced silver, for dessert or bonbons. Very keenly would a man appreciate a neat little solid-silver lamp-shaped cigar-lighter. Indeed, a lady who is a devotee of Madame Nicotine would find it a useful ornament for her sanctum. For a Stock Exchange man a silver, cigar-box with a bull and a bear upon it would be a very appropriate present. Gold and silver chain-purses are in great variety. Here again the question of value is a supreme one. These purses are of guaranteed English mesh. Such things with faulty mesh are snares and delusions, which lose their contents and cannot be repaired. A department of which the Company has every reason to be proud is that of reproduction from authenticated models of early English plate. They have at their exclusive command some of the finest dies of original Sheffield. Reproductions of these make gifts that are really prized. Motor-car flower-vases are greatly in demand. A lady's cigarette and match-box in solid silver, slung on chains, is a gift to please any smoker of my sex. There are menu-holders of game-birds, and ash-trays with designs relating to sports and games; there are aeroplane and motor charms and menus. In fact, what cannot be found in gold, silver, and jewels at this establishment, and all of the very best value for money, is not worth looking for.

Burleigh Bertie
Barclay Brew.

This alliterative hero belongs to "The Ballad of Lake Laloo," which, with other and equally original and delightful rhymes by J. H. Goring, has been issued as a book, illustrated by E. Bent Walker. The price is 3s. 6d., and the Clarion Press, 72, Fleet Street, E.C., are the publishers. The rhymes and the pictures are



A FUR CLOAK OF BABY PERSIAN LAMB,
TRIMMED WITH SKUNK.

The International Fur Store.

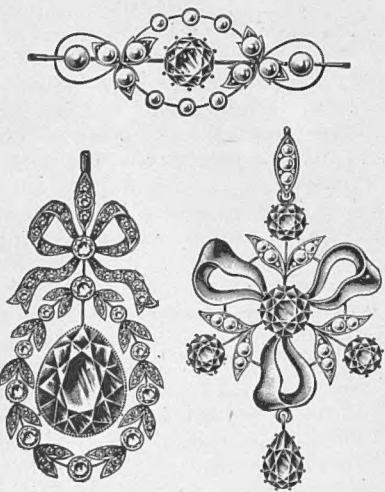


SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS: A BEAUTIFUL SELECTION OF SILVER.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company.

alike delightful, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by greater as by lesser children.

"Stones of Worth and Jewels." The immortal bard knew that there were jewels of their kind are to be seen at Messrs. J. W. Benson's, whether it be at 25, Old Bond Street; 62-64, Ludgate Hill; or 28, Royal Exchange. The firm makes a specialty of some jewellery in which they are prepared to offer excellent value for their



A PEAR-SHAPED PERIDOT AND OTHER ORNAMENTS.

Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd.

gives them often as presents. Earrings are now almost universally worn. Capital value is represented in a lovely pair made of loops and ends of diamonds, the ends terminating each with a fine pearl. The price is £35. Very fascinating are the diamond model brooches of dogs, horses, and birds. One of a little rabbit sitting up and looking round costs £27 10s. Very neat is a little pearl-and-diamond acorn scarf-pin, which costs only £6 15s. The amethyst-and-pearl jewellery is at all prices, from 12s. 6d. for a pretty little brooch, up to £8 for a necklace. Expanding watch-bracelets are in great demand this year. They are to be seen in great variety at Messrs. J. W. Benson's. Their rings are in endless variety and are splendid value. For men dress-waist-coat buttons are favourite gifts; these can be had from 22s. a set up to twenty-two guineas. The jewels of Ancient Egypt introduced by the firm continue in great demand. The Ankh, which is the emblem of long life, and the Nefer, which means happiness, are two of the oldest charms known. Their form is most attractive. The catalogue and coloured leaflets and booklets issued by the firm for the convenience of Christmas-present seekers are well worth having, and will be sent on application.

Luxury in Leather. When you go out to look for novelties in leather, let me suggest a visit to Messrs. Mark Cross, Ltd., 89, Regent Street. I fancy you will not have to go further. A new thing in fitted motor-bags is almost flat. When it opens, and inside are seen hair-brush, cloth-brush, two gilt boxes, two gilt-topped bottles, comb, button-hook, shoe-lift, etc., the wonder is how they have been fitted in such small space. It is in black auto leather, lined with red, or in shades of morocco lined with silk; the price is quite moderate. A

new idea is a case to take a handkerchief, powder and puff, and notes, with a little purse to match the case inside. This case has a strap through which one thrusts one's fingers, securing it quite safely on the back of the hand. It is a great convenience, especially with the enormous muffs worn now, and it is a wonder-



A HANDKERCHIEF CASE.
Messrs. Mark Cross, Ltd.

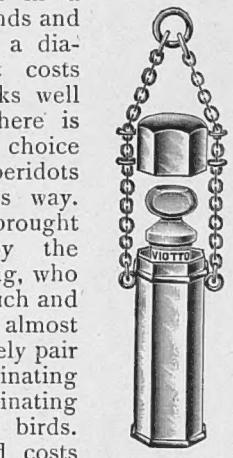
ful help in shopping. These cases are in black auto leather lined with red, or in morocco of many colours. A whisk for hanging up, fitted into a stirrup, is a useful and sporting novelty. The hollow in the tread of the stirrup keeps the whisk in shape, and it is easily pulled through when one wants a brush-down. The very nail to hang it up on is supplied with it. A pair of library

scissors with dull-gilt handle and a paper-knife to match, fitted into a leather case, will be a neat present for anyone. Leather cigarette-cases, which are just now in great demand, will be found in great variety. Quantities of beautiful bags I saw; one had a secret compartment with soft suède pockets for jewels. Over this falls a flap of lining like the rest of the bag, so that the valuable contents are quite unsuspected. Little medicine-cases to fasten on motor-cars are neat and useful for long trips. The Auto Friend—a set of twelve different tools combined in one instrument, and that in a solid leather case—is a gift a motorist will prize. Fur-lined gloves, beautiful belts, finest kid gloves, sticks, umbrellas, and rugs of fine mohair are among the many things to make really appreciated presents that abound at this fascinating shop.

A Dainty Delight. A charming little novelty has been introduced by the perfumery firm of Courvoisier. It is the neatest little silver chatelaine-case, to hold one of their dear little vials of scent—their Viotto C.C. or their Havaneta C.C. As suggested by its name, Viotto contains within itself, to put it poetically, "the soul of the violet." Viotto can be had at various prices from 1s. 8d. to 22s. 6d., and Havaneta, the new 1910 perfume, from 2s. 3d. to 14s. 6d. The price of the chatelaine-cases in silver is 15s., and they can be bought from the Stores, silversmiths, and many chemists. A really sweet gift this.

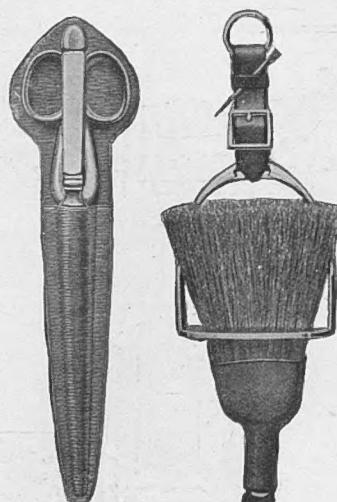
The Smartest of the Smart. British men and women are intensely particular about the addenda of their turn-out. This will be realised with a

thrill of pride at Messrs. Brigg and Sons' dignified and delightful premises, 23, St. James's Street. Here are seen the aristocracy of sticks, crops, umbrellas, sunshades, *en tout cas*. Here, it is felt, is one of the British firms that lead the civilised world in their own productions. The lovely enamelled, jewelled, quartz, crystal, jade, green and gold worked *en tout cas* and sunshade-handles that I have thought must be French are—I write it with a thrill—made in England by artists trained by Brigg and Son. They have a very large collection of them—there are always a hundred and fifty to choose from—and the prices are far less than I supposed. A delightful Christmas present is a handle of rare pebble, mounted in 18-carat gold and enamel, with a set of 9-carat gold points for the *en tout cas*. It costs only £5, and is a lifelong joy. The neatest and most effective crop is of rattan cane, covered with leather, and with a long sewn keeper and bone handle. There are good, workmanlike crops of Malacca and ash, also some with real whalebone through them, in which are years and years of wear. Quite unique are Nilgherri canes, the rough roots of which have been fashioned by an artist into the heads of foxes, bull-dogs, or pointers, and painted in the natural colours. Quite new are *en tout cas*, the handles covered with bronze-green leather, and the silk a similar green. In some of these a silver-gilt pencil is fitted. Another novelty—the rooms abound with them—is Belier, used for handles. It is really compressed horn, and looks like rhinoceros horn or clear tortoiseshell, while it is considerably less expensive than either. I was much taken, too, with long handles for *en tout cas* made of silk braid. One in grey was covered with printed grey silk, which is thoroughly waterproof, and is



A SILVER CHATELAINE CASE TO HOLD A VIAL OF VIOTTO.

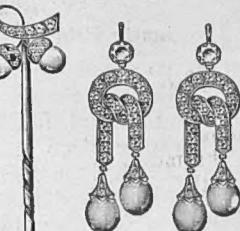
Messrs. Bronnley.



LIBRARY SCISSORS AND PAPER-KNIFE IN CASE, AND A HANGING WHISK WITH STIRRUP HOLDER.

Messrs. Mark Cross, Ltd.

cane, the point about which is to get it long enough to form the crook without a joint. There is perhaps one in a thousand which will do so. Although these sticks and *en tout cas* are of the nobility of their species, precisely the same silk, frame, and finish are given to a guinea umbrella as to one at £40, so that the client whose purse is of ordinary capacity is sure of the best value at Brigg and Sons', and can also lay the flattering unction to his soul that the



A DIAMOND BROOCH, EARRINGS, AND A SCARF PIN.

Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd.



A FITTED MOTOR-BAG.

Messrs. Mark Cross, Ltd.

[Continued overleaf.]

addenda of his turn-out are correct according to the highest standard of tasteful manufacture.

Art and Ornament. The two should be combined. All ornament ought to be artistic. It is so at the Parisian Diamond Company's beautiful salons. They have made a special provision for gift-seekers in a number of really beautiful ornaments at moderate price. Great favourites are pendants on platinum chains of diamonds, exquisitely set, and with the now fashionable knife-edged work introduced in lines. One of these illustrated will give some idea of how charming they are. They are even more worn in the daytime than at night. Excellent in design are hair-bands in diamonds, which can be placed all round the head or doubled, the single line showing above the forehead and the ornamental part raised higher on the coiffure. A flexible band of diamonds for neck or hair is an altogether desirable ornament. There are pendants of beautiful workmanship that are not round, but of ancient Egyptian and Persian shapes. Of brooches there is an endless variety. One has four large pear-shaped diamonds set in many lines of smaller stones. The diamond-headed hair-combs are also in greatest variety; some are quite tiny with little floral heading, others are of the straight classical character so much in vogue. There is endless choice, and everything is really good in art, stones, and setting.

Refreshment and Pleasure. A gift that is at once useful and delightful is a case of

"4711" Eau de Cologne. There is no other Eau de Cologne that will do as it does. It will charm away a headache like magic; it is refreshing on the skin, mingled with a little water, and it is very good for it. It is obtainable in every form and quantity, and is put up in the daintiest way and perfectly packed for transmission by rail, post, or boat. No one should be at home without a bottle in use; no one should travel without a reserve of it. It is made of only the best ingredients; no expense is spared in its preparation, yet, owing to the immense demand for it, it is not itself at all an expensive thing. To secure really grateful appreciation, there is no gift more successful than "4711" Eau de Cologne.

Comfort in the Case. Finding the right kind of gift for the important person

is always an anxious undertaking. At Drew and Son's fascinating big establishment, 33-37, Piccadilly Circus, anxiety can speedily be allayed. Their fitted cases of all kinds are the result of years of experience. They are light, neat, compact, convenient, and have just the right things in them for comfort and luxury. The luncheon-case illustrated is the firm's latest production. It is fitted for six people, and is made on Drew's system, which renders it perfectly dustproof and waterproof. Included in the fittings are two quart Thermos bottles for hot tea and coffee. The plates, it will be seen, are tray-shaped and are twelve inches long. This is an improvement on the round plate, made by the firm to secure greater comfort for use on the knees in a car or railway carriage, or by the roadside or on the moor. The provision-boxes are made in fine white Limoges china, and the covers are all electro-silver-plated. Drew's patent "En Route" tea-case is a present every woman will appreciate. It is very light, and the kettle division is lined throughout with thin metal, making a fireproof compartment and a wind-guard. There is a kettle with tea-infuser and fitted screws to the mouth and lid, a regulating lamp and stand, enamelled steel provision-box with Drew's patent sliding cover—all necessities for a cosy tea for two or four persons. The price is £2 18s. 6d., in ordinary quality. At this establishment, the fitted suit-cases,



A DIAMOND PENDANT ON A PLATINUM CHAIN.

The Parisian Diamond Company.



A CASE OF "4711" EAU DE COLOGNE.

dressing-bags, and motor cases and bags afford a liberal education in refinement, luxury, and good taste. There is an immense stock, and every one is charming and individual, too, as the leathers and linings and fittings are all different. The latest style of fitting for a lady's case is the Chippendale, very delightful either in silver or in silver-gilt, which is often preferred as being much more easily kept nice. Engine-turned silver is now very much in favour; many of the fittings are in this, in excellent designs. There are, of course, hundreds of gifts to be found at Drew's, and for useful gifts, their wood-fibre and solid-leather trunks and hat-cases for my sex offer varied choice of a kind not to be beaten.

Warm Hands. Warm hands do not mean cold hearts. They are cosy and comfortable, and keep away chilblains. The way to have them and keep them is to wear "Viyella" gloves, that are soft and durable, and do not shrink. They make quite nice Christmas presents, and can be had in white and all colours.

"She kept an album too, at home," wrote Praed, "well filled with all an album's glories." But now, if she is an up-to-date young woman, she will keep a copy of "The Cynic's Autograph-Book," which is an amusing variant from the common or garden specimens of its kind. It is compiled by a follower of Diogenes, who on his title-page describes himself as "Celt," and it is published by Messrs. Gay and Hancock, of

this city. It contains ninety-six pages, with a few cynical remarks on each, and ample room around them for the most flourished of signatures. It also contains six humorous illustrations. The epigrams are very neat and witty—for example, "The bonds of matrimony are not always gilt-edged securities," "The best way to keep a cook is to try to get rid of her," "A ring on the finger is worth two in the voice."

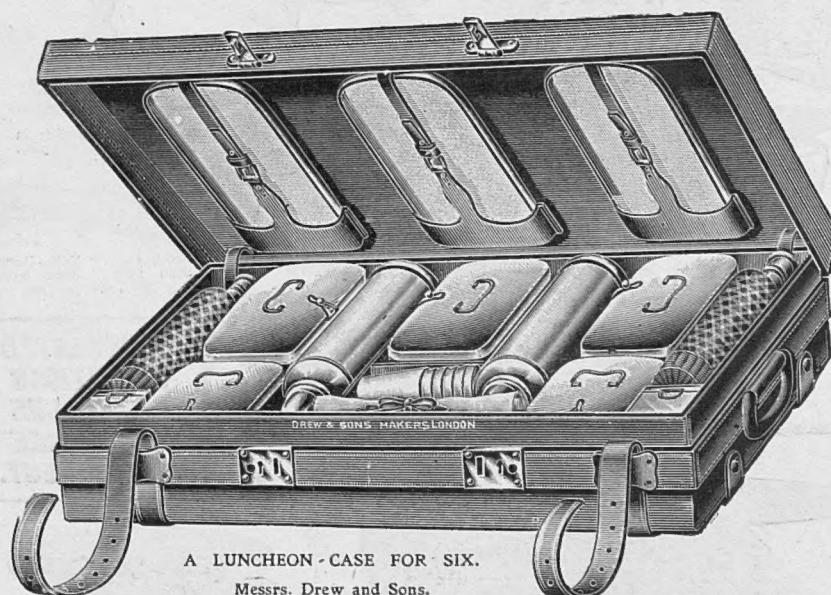
In view of the deplorable accident which recently occurred, at a West-end hairdresser's, through a lady's hair being ignited, it is useful to know of a safe preparation. The proprietor of Petrole Hahn, the French hairdressing, guarantees this well-known preparation to be absolutely free from all fire-risk, as it is non-flammable and non-explosive. With Petrole Hahn, which is largely used and has enjoyed a great reputation on the Continent during thirty years, any mishap is claimed to be absolutely impossible.

Last year Messrs. Spiers and Pond inaugurated an annual New Year's Eve Supper at the Criterion, which will be repeated on the 31st of this month, with the added attraction of a huge Christmas tree loaded with presents, of which every guest will receive one.

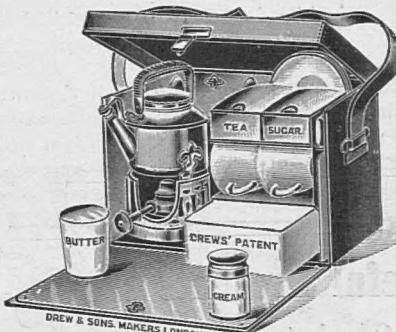
These gifts are now on view at the Criterion. After the distribution of the presents there will be a dance, beginning at 12.30 a.m. on New Year's morning and continuing till 2 a.m. Tickets, including supper (with wines), dance, and Christmas tree, may be had for the modest sum of one guinea each.

Every man that is an householder, and even the modest lodger, must feel grateful to the policemen who through the long, cold nights watch our houses and protect us from burglars and others. What a boon to them would be a hot drink of tea or coffee in the middle of the night! Some of them have devices for obtaining this, which, however, are more or less clumsy. If Robert,

though, were provided with a Thermos Flask, he could at all times have a hot and refreshing drink, without any trouble. Now that the Thermos Company have introduced a cheaper flask at 10s. 6d., those generously inclined at Christmas time can do no better thing than invest in a few of these and present them to members of the force.



A LUNCHEON-CASE FOR SIX.
Messrs. Drew and Sons.



THE "EN ROUTE" TEA-CASE.

Messrs. Drew and Sons.

CITY NOTES.

'SKETCH' CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 24.

THE BANK AND THE MARKET.

THE Bank Return was again so strong that only the political situation could justify the maintenance of the 5 per cent. rate. With coin and bullion amounting to thirty-six and a quarter millions, and a reserve of nearly 56 per cent. of the liabilities, in the ordinary course of business, it would have been impossible not to drop the official minimum; but as no one knows what will happen now that the Finance Bill has failed to become law, or what demands the Government will make for assistance to tide over the interregnum, the directors wisely determined to leave things as they are and to strengthen the position as much as possible. Readers have only to compare the figures with the corresponding week of last year, when the rate was $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., to see the effect of the political situation on the Money Market.

ARGENTINE RAILWAYS.

For months in these columns we sounded a word of warning as to the vast capital demands of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific and other Argentine Railways, and the report of the Pacific more than justified all we had said; but Argentina is such an extraordinary country, and so rich in natural resources, that we have no doubt the capital expenditures, lavish as they have been, will come into the productive stage much more quickly than the ordinary Englishman would consider possible. The crop prospects in nearly all cereals are reported to be first rate, linseed is almost ready for cutting, and wheat is everywhere well advanced. The locust war has been extremely successful, and if any reports are to be trusted, the traffics ought, for the coming season, to be decidedly good, so that we feel justified in thinking that it will not take as long as many people expect to enable the heavy capital expenditures of the last eighteen months to become profit-earning. Wherever the Ordinary stock of the best lines is depressed it may safely be locked up by buyers who can afford to pay for it; but probably, as to the Pacific Company at least, there may be a lean year yet to come.

CONSOLES AND THEIR STARS.

Consols pay the round 3 per cent. at 83 $\frac{1}{2}$. Allowing for the income-tax of 1s. 2d. in the pound, Consols to yield the round 3 per cent. would have to be bought about 78 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Irish Land stock, with security identical to that on Consols, yields 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. at 84 $\frac{1}{2}$. This price is ex dividend, the interest being due on January 1 and July 1.

Standing just outside the strict Trustee list is Port of London B stock, buyable at 101 $\frac{1}{2}$, with interest February 1 and August 1. As good a security as one could require, the stock looks cheap when compared with some of the others of similar type.

Of the India Government stocks, the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. ought to appeal to a wide circle because of their low price. The stock can be bought about 70, so it is not very expensive to buy, say, £100 for a baby and let the dividends accumulate. At so low a figure the return of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. makes it look all the more attractive. Of course it is gilt-edged.

Good Corporation stocks pay you, roughly, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money: good Colonials about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. more: Home Railway Trustee stocks vary from 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The last, it is needless to say, are subject to stamp-duty.

Why these stars? Because, with the cheapening of money in the New Year, the gilt-edged markets are certain to be explored for cheap securities, and we wanted to offer you a few hints in advance of the rise.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

One of the times of year which make a man wish most furiously to revert to his first childhood is Christmas. Because those kiddies do get a glorious time, without a doubt. However spoilt and petted the bairns may be during the rest of the year, at Christmas time they get a double portion, and there's no stone left unturned to make them more spoiled and petted still. While we, their fathers, and you, their mothers—ah me!

Well, I suppose we must sell a hat, or a bond, or something to buy them presents with, unless you have a lucky inspiration and a tip which enable you to snatch the modest pony wherewith to buy the babies' presents.

(Parenthetically, if you find these tips go wrong, and there really isn't any money for the purchase of gifts, you will discover, upon experimenting, that half-a-dozen empty match-boxes, cotton-reels, and clothes-pegs give a child as much sheer enjoyment as any guinea toy will.)

Firstly, pin your faith to the upward march of Yankees. There's a new nigger in the hedge, I know, and if the strike in the North-West should spread—as it certainly may—there's a tumble got to come in Americans. Barring accidents, however, things are going much better. Now, don't go rushing into the market directly after you've read this, and buying a thousand Steel or Union, but wait for a weak day and have a few then. Buy Atchisons and put Rock Islands with them. Steel will be an effective make-weight. Only do remember what I say and wait until things are flat. It's so juvenile to dash in on the very day when they are good, and therefore may be sold.

[Continued on Page XII.]

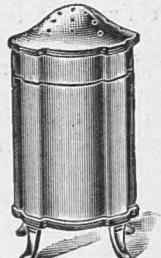
Useful Presents for
Christmas at

Spier & Pond's
STORES
QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

Jewellery and Silver
Department.



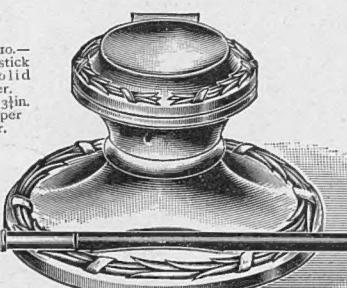
No. S 1.—Mustard Pot and Spoon in Solid Silver. Height 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 59 $\frac{1}{2}$. Copy of Henry VIII. Tankard.



No. S 3.—Condiment Set in Solid Silver. Pepper Caster, 14/3.
Mustard Pot, 21/9, Salt Cellar, 12/9.



No. S 10.—Candlestick in Solid Silver. Height 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 15/6 per pair.



No. S 9.—Inkstand in Solid Silver, 3 in. Base, 10/9, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 13/9, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 16/9, 5 in., 22/6.
Silver Pens, 3/6 to 5/9 each.



No. S 4.—Candlestick in Solid Silver. Height 5 in., 20/- per pair.

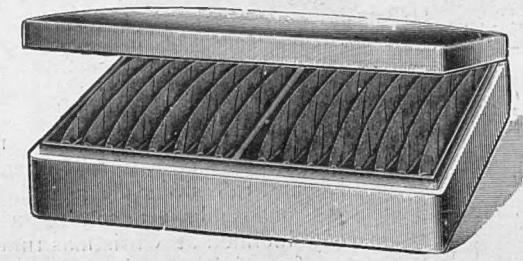


No. S 2.—Sweetmeat Basket in Solid Silver 21/6
Many other patterns.



No. S 5.—Dog Knife & Rests, Solid Silver, 19/6. Silver Plate, 3/6 per pair.

ILLUSTRATED
CHRISTMAS
CATALOGUE
SENT FREE
ON REQUEST.



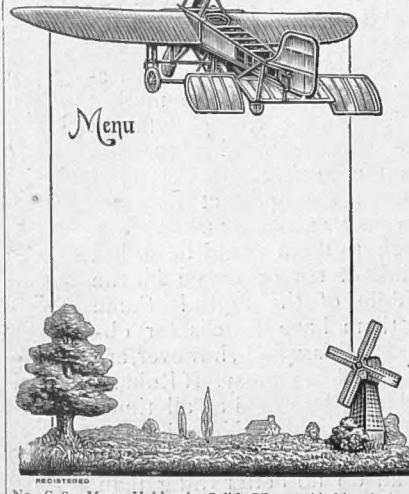
No. S 6.—Cigar Box in Solid Silver. Size 7 in. by 5 in., 23 17 6.
Also larger sizes. Cigarette Boxes to match, 11/6 to 63/-.



No. S 7.—Porridge Bowl and Saucer in Solid Silver, 39/6.



No. S 11.—Pepper Caster in Solid Silver. Height 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 8/3 each. Salt Pourer to match, same price.



No. S 8.—Menu Holder in Solid Silver. Airship design. Height 6 in., 22/3 each.